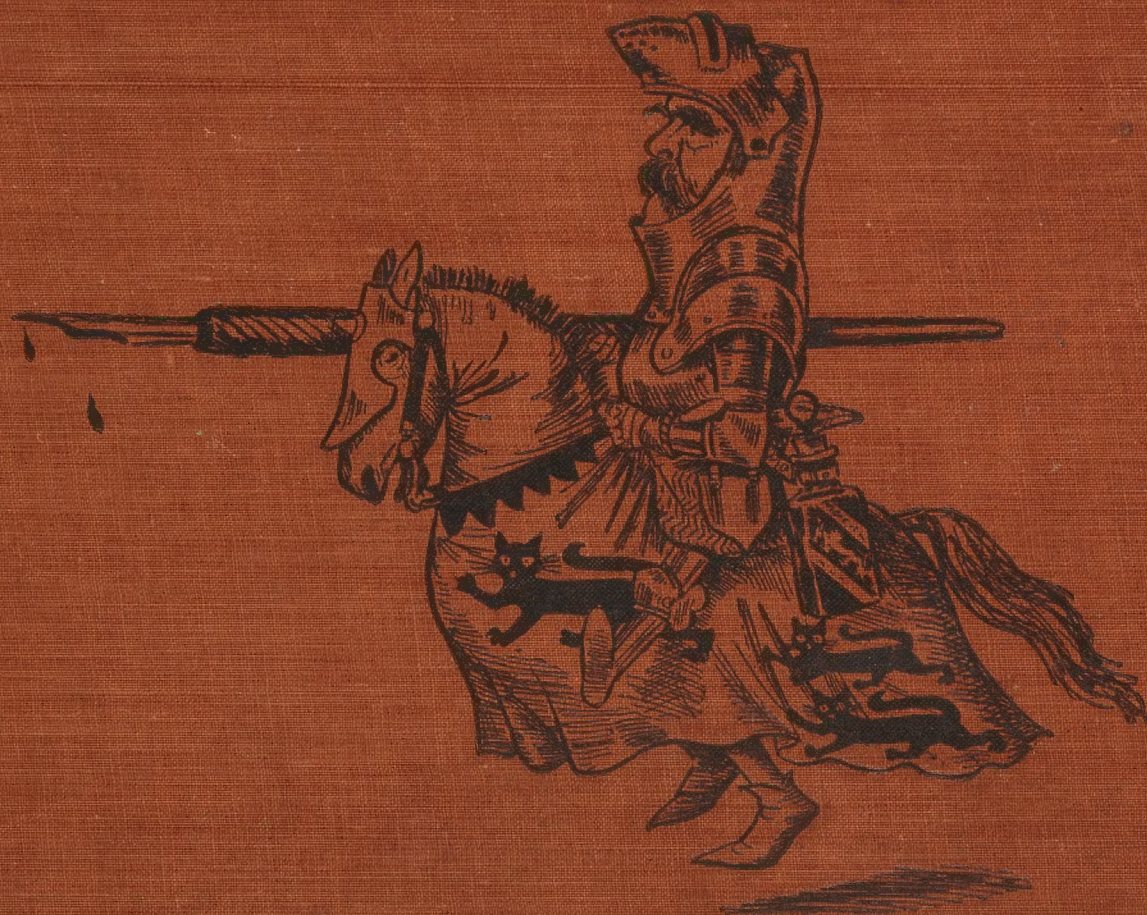


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Political Caricatures — 1903



By F.C.G.







POLITICAL CARICATURES

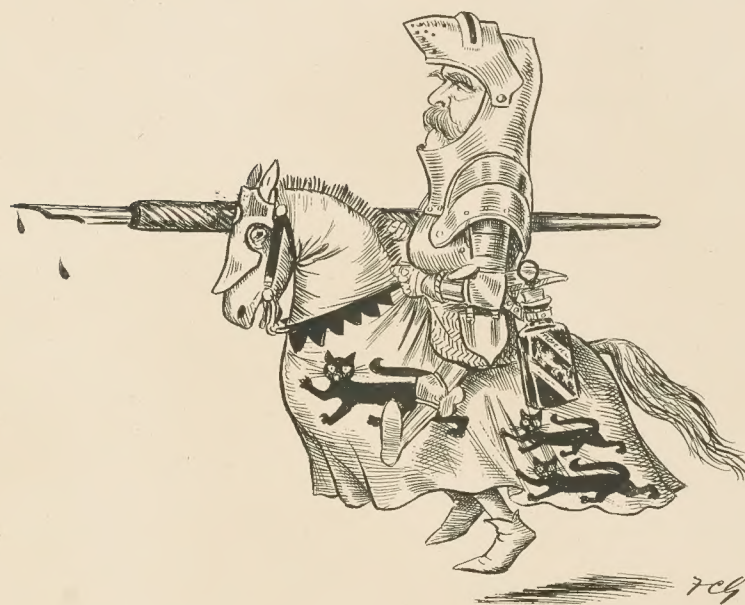


POLITICAL CARICATURES

1903

BY

F. CARRUTHERS GOULD



LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD

1903

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P R E F A C E

THE cartoons in the following pages are a selection from those which have appeared from day to day in the *Westminster Gazette*. Dealing, as they do, with the current events of the moment, some of them may seem out of focus in the perspective of past history, but, on the other hand, I regard it as a safe maxim never to prophesy until you know, and I have, I hope successfully, avoided grave miscalculations. Of course it is open to question whether the calculations suggested in these cartoons are correct, but that depends so entirely upon the political point of view from which they are regarded that I can only claim indulgence from those who see things differently. Political caricatures, to have any real force, must have purpose and conviction behind them, and therefore, as it is impossible to play "Jack-o'-both-sides" in the game of politics, I need make no apology for sticking to one side.

The year 1903, to which these cartoons refer, has been fruitful in pictorial matter, the principal feature, of course, being the great Fiscal storm, which, like the Home Rule question, has disrupted a party, and has cut from its moorings many a craft which thought itself safely anchored in rest and thankfulness. It need hardly be said that the illustration of political features involves the intro-

duction of personal features. Therefore, if any one feature should be found to occur so persistently as to suggest a sort of King Charles's Head obsession, it must be remembered that the persistence is due to the particular political personage, and not to the cartoonist, who can only fire at the game that gets up before him.

For instance, the political history of 1903 would not be history if it omitted Mr. Chamberlain, and Hamlet cannot be put on the boards without the Prince of Denmark.

In the early months of the year there are suggestions of the Colonial Secretary in South Africa. He has his Union Jack umbrella open, and appeals to the "piccaninnies" to come under its shelter. Then he is trying to induce the burghers to progress from a passive to an active condition of loyalty; he deals with the Labour question of the Goldfields, and he wanders over the illimitable veldt.

In the meantime at home the eternal Irish problem comes up in a new phase of harmony between landlord and tenant, a harmony which the "fairy godfather" John Bull recognises with a little misgiving as foreshadowing a heavy dowry. The Education Act of 1902 has left some uneasiness behind it, and reports of War Inquiries are

PREFACE

providing material for the Opposition in such fulness that Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman are to be seen doing spade-work on the same lines.

Army Reform is in the mind of the public and Mr. Brodrick gives glittering promises of Army Corps. John Bull is a little disturbed at the idea of having a Continental Army system on his shoulders and Mr. Balfour tries the bugbear of Russia to alarm him into acquiescence.

As for foreign politics, there are symptoms of trouble in the Balkans and the Wolf is seen prowling amongst the snow-clad mountains. In March Mr. Chamberlain comes back to find his colleagues looking harassed, their half-plucked condition contrasting with his own more tropical plumes. The Ministry have had a bad time, and like untended orchids they are drooping pitifully.

In April come sunshine and storms. Mr. George Wyndham is getting on gracefully with his Irish Land Bill, but Army Reformers refuse to be comforted and go away into a cave of Adullam. The London Education Bill, too, gives trouble, and Mr. Chaplin has to mourn over the early death of that little corn tax to whose healthy growth he had looked forward with fond hopes, and consoles himself with a sudden devotion to Tea.

The death of the Corn Tax is the beginning of an epoch. Mr. Chamberlain begins to talk of Preferential Tariffs, and fishes for the working man with the succulent worm of Old Age Pensions covering the Dear Food hook. Other Ministers

tremble on the brink, and it appears as if Mr. Balfour were the only one to enter the water with Mr. Chamberlain. To change the metaphor, as political cartoons must needs do day by day, the Ministerial premises are alight, and Captain Wells, of the London Fire Brigade, is called in to fill the place vacated by Captain Middleton as chief Conservative organiser. Mr. Chamberlain is muzzled for a brief space, but Mr. Balfour's sympathies with him are growing, and he dances the Zollverein cake-walk, although with less decided steps.

The evolution of the story is told in the cartoons of May and June. The Fiscal question is the dominant theme, although there is a different and more harmonious topic touched on in the picture of the King walking in the gardens of the Elysée with M. Loubet, the French President.

From July onwards the prominent and necessarily persistent theme of the cartoons is Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal campaign. The Duke of Devonshire position, or rather positions, Cabinet resignations and reconstructions, and all the different phases of the political situation, are illustrated day after day. Mr. Chamberlain's arguments and figures are interpreted, not perhaps favourably to his views, but still, I hope, without introducing any elements of personal offensiveness. Metaphors, of course, are often changed, but are not more mixed than the complexities of political developments necessitate.

My views may not always be those of my readers, but I do not apologise for my convictions; those who differ can always protest.

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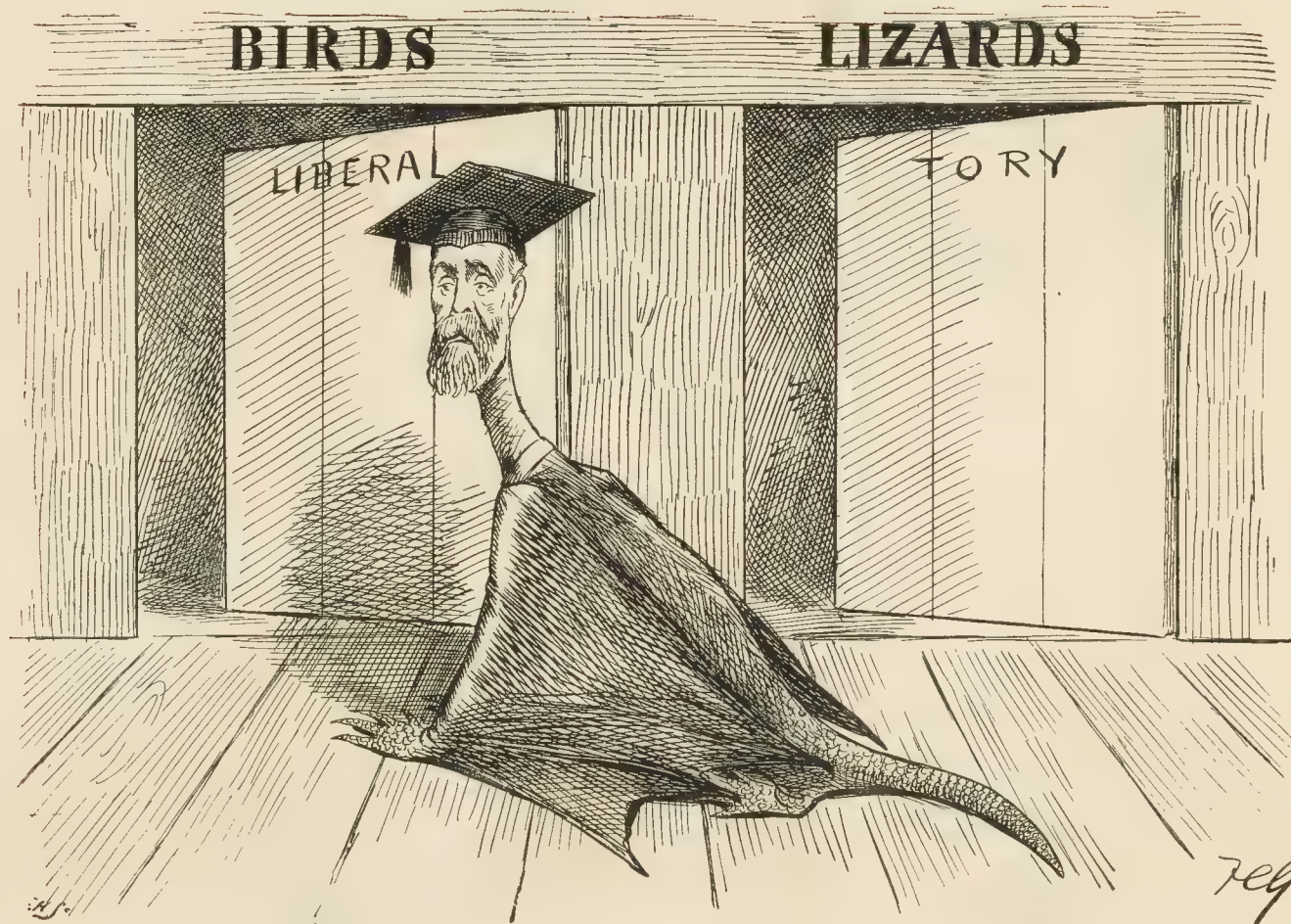
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A SOUTH AFRICAN MELODY

Come under de ole umbreller ;
Come along, piccaninnies, do ;

Hark to Uncle Joe a-callin',
Room for all ob you.



A NOAH'S ARK PUZZLE

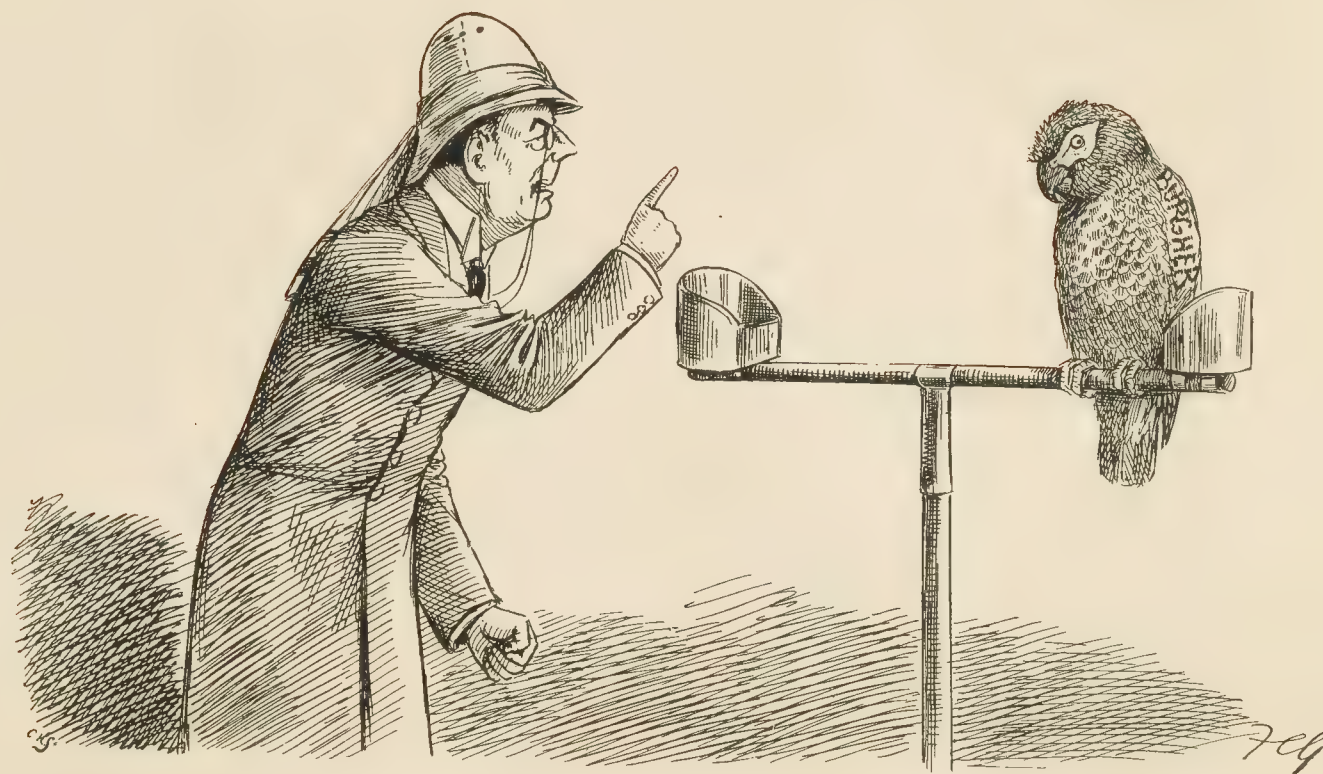
SIR MICHAEL FOSTER : Am I a sort of a bird, or a sort of a lizard ? I wish I knew. If I'm a bird I'm a Liberal, and if I'm a lizard I'm a Tory.

[Sir Michael Foster, the member for London University, is much exercised in his mind as to which side of the House he ought to sit on.]



THE FAIRY GODFATHER

[LAND] LORD DUNRAVEN AND MISS REDMOND ERIN: This is the first time, kind Fairy Godfather, we have ever asked you both together. Only a few millions out of your Treasury and we shall live happy ever hereafter.



THE PASSIVE PARROT

MR. C. to BURGER PARROT: Say "I-am-*Actively*-loyal."

[But up to the present time the Parrot remains passive.]



THE TRANSVAAL PIE

Sing a song of Gold Mines,
Labour running dry,
Lots of Chinese miners baked in a pie.

5

When the pie is opened
The Chinamen will crow—
This is not the sort of dish to set before King Joe!

[JAN. 19



WAYSIDE SPADEWORK

FIRST GRAVEDIGGER: What be you doing here?

SECOND GRAVEDIGGER: Goin' to dig a grave for the Government.

FIRST GRAVEDIGGER: So be I!

BOTH: Then let's dig it together; us'll get through the work quicker.

[Lord Rosebery and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman lately simultaneously delivered vigorous assaults on the Government.]



A PROP

Mr. Haldane, K.C., M.P., speaking at Leatherhead the other evening, referred to Mr. Chamberlain as the chief if not the only prop of the popularity of the Government at the present time.



BETTER THAN PARK LANE

MR. C. (on a Boer pony): What a delightful change from Park Lane !
Better a day upon the veldt
Than a cycle of Park Lane.



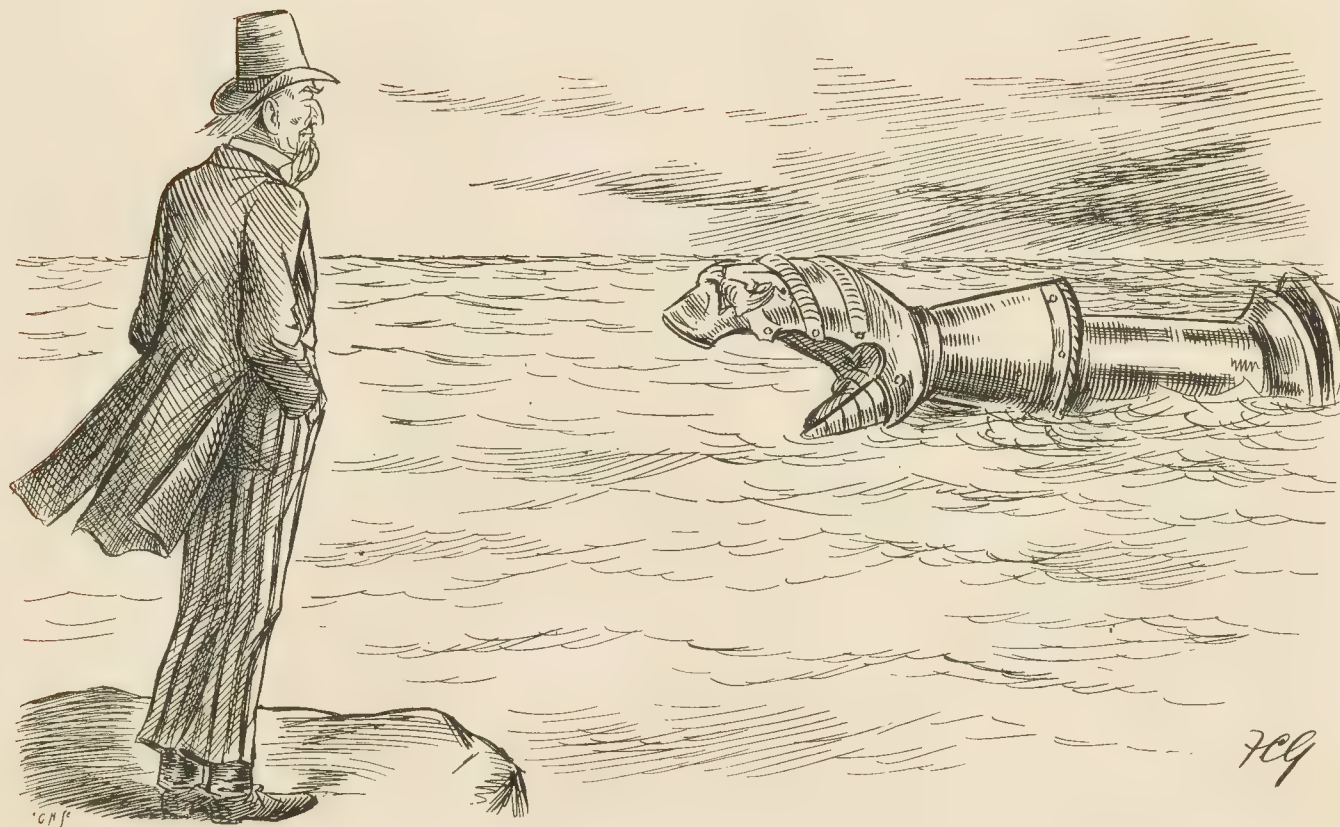
THE BIRMINGHAM SWANS

(The King has presented Birmingham with a pair of Swans.)

THE ORIGINAL SWANS: Nature has done much for Birmingham; we have done more. What do we want of more swans? Are we not enough?

THE DUCK: Quite right!

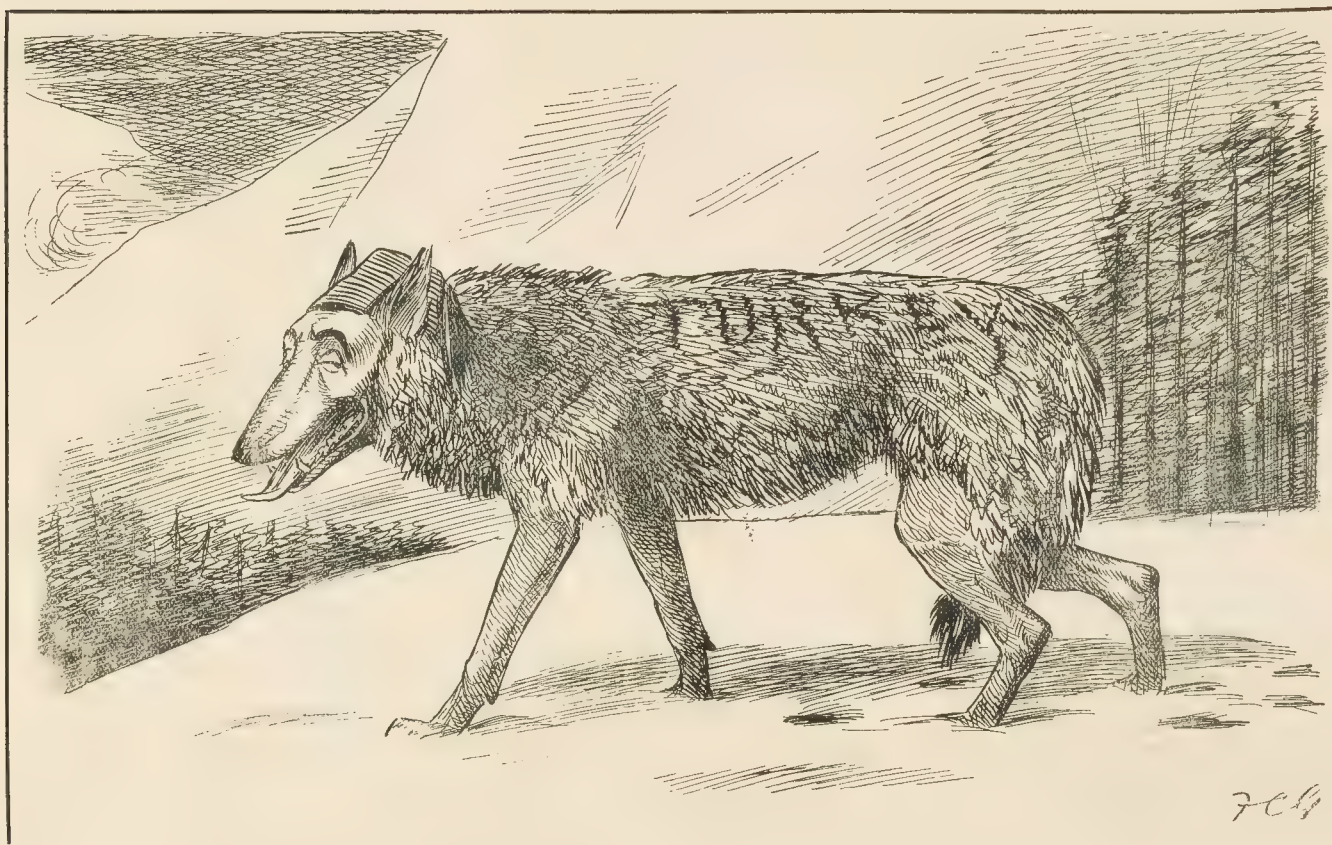
["Nature has done much, the Government will do more."—MR. CHAMBERLAIN *at Ottoshoop*]



THE HAND ACROSS THE OCEAN

JONATHAN: Great Monroe! What sort of sea-serpent is that?

[Baron Speck von Sternberg, the German representative at Washington, is stated to have said in an interview on his arrival that Germany's hand was stretched out across the ocean ready to be grasped so that the bond of friendship might be strengthened.]



THE WOLF IN THE BALKANS

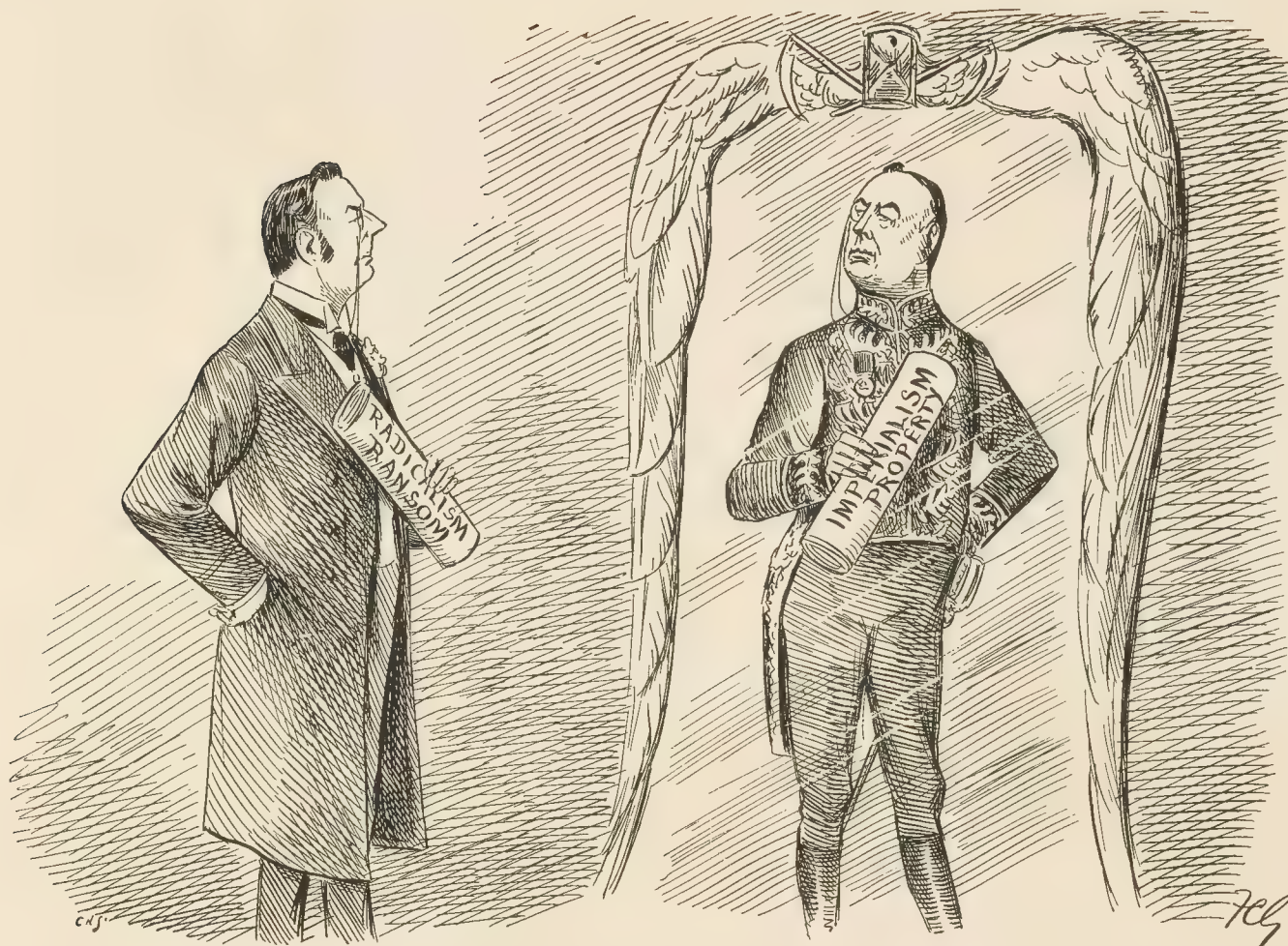
There is a prevalent idea that trouble is brewing in the Balkans.



ANOTHER "NATIVES" QUESTION

THE KAISER WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER VON BÜLOW: Go away! you pain me!

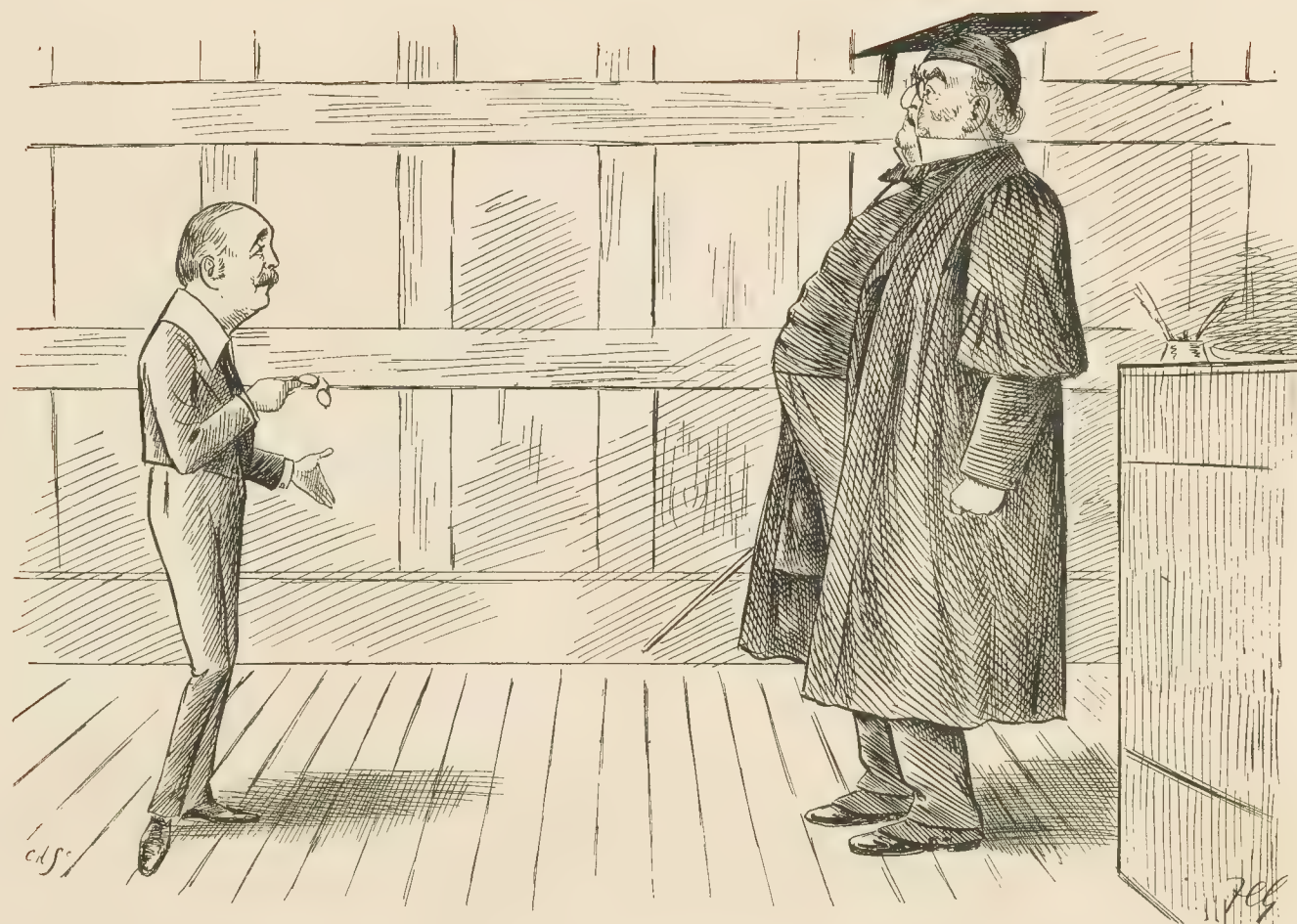
[It is said that the Kaiser has banished English oysters from the Imperial tables as he has suffered ill effects from eating them.]



TIME'S MAGIC MIRROR

Curious!

["All my lifetime I have found that many things have a curious habit of coming out very much as I expected."—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at *Grahamstown*, February 11, 1903.]



PLATITUDINARIANISM

THE MASTER: Don't you know, sir, that in order to be efficient it is not necessary to muddle?

THE CHILD: My dear sir, that is merely an unimpeachable copybook platitude.

THE MASTER: I'll give you platitudes, sir.

[See Mr. Balfour's speech at Liverpool—*February* 13 1903.]



MUDDLING AND MENDING

Mrs. BRITANNIA BULL: Good gracious, John, what on earth have you been doing with yourself?

JOHN BULL: All right, my dear; I've only been muddling through a little mess. What does it matter as long as I come home right side up?

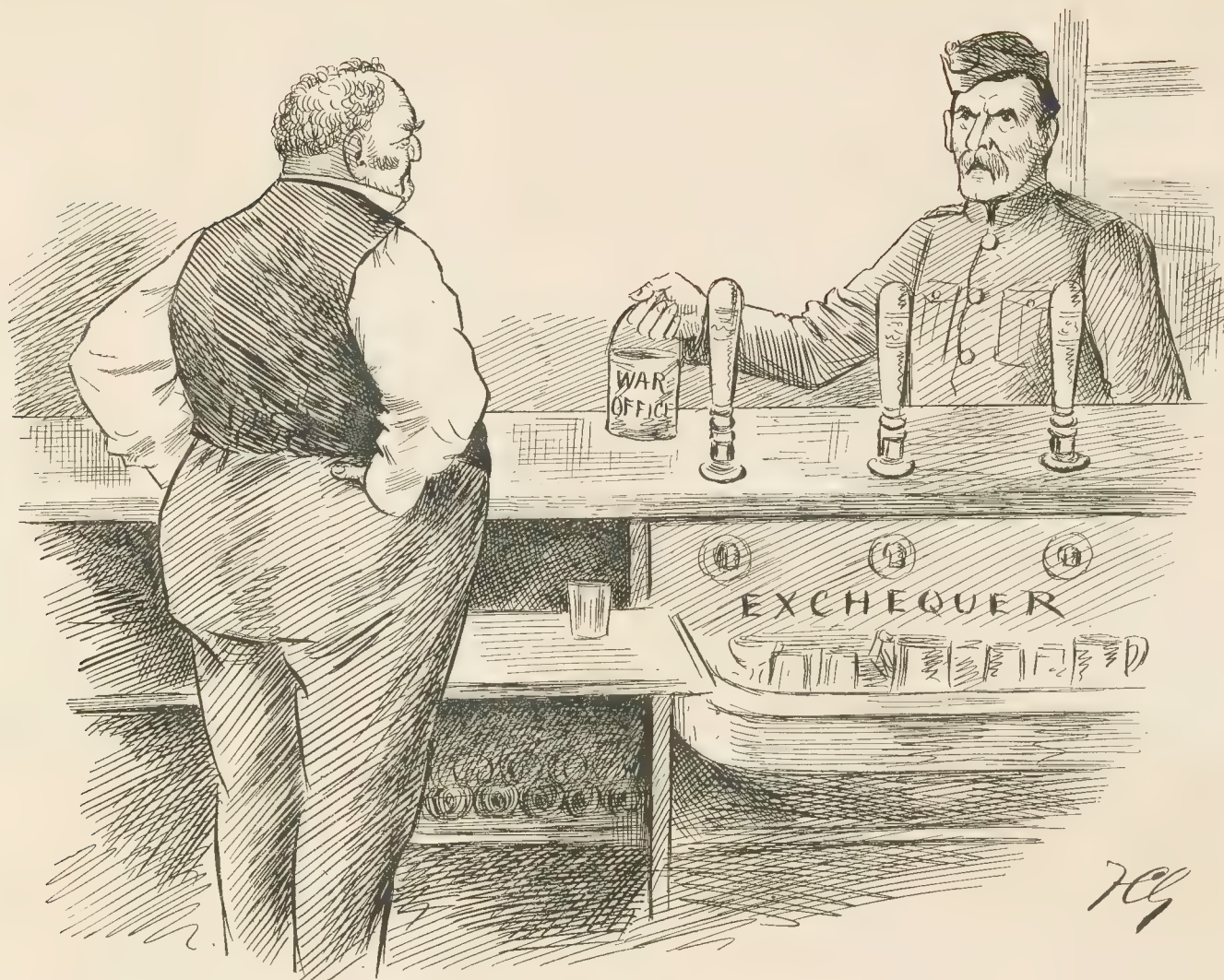
Mrs. B. B.: It matters a good deal, sir. I've got to do the mending!



STONEHENGE, 1920

A British General looking for his Army Corps on Salisbury Plain.

[Dedicated with sincere doubts to Mr. Brodrick.]



ON THE BLACK LIST

CAREFUL PUBLICAN (to Trooper Brodrick): Humph! It strikes me forcibly you're on the Black List.

[Suggested by Mr. Phil May in *Punch*.]



WHAT HE WANTS TO KNOW

JOHN BULL : What I want to know is this, Mr. Brodrick—Am I an Island ? or am I a Continent ? If I'm an Island, I want a big Navy and a small Army. If I'm a Continent, I want a big Army and a small Navy. I can't afford to be an Island and a Continent too !



THE OLD BUGBEAR

The child thinks that the best way to induce Mr. Bull to give him more boxes of soldiers is to frighten him a bit.

["Events move rapidly in Central Asia, and we have necessarily to consider how far the strategic position of Russia has improved."—MR. BALFOUR *in the House of Commons*, February 24, 1903.]



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON

(NEW VERSION)

The Dragon dances to the Irish Harp played by a Geraldine St. George.



THE CANDID FRIEND

THE DUKE OF D. : I prefer you to your uncle, but I say, Arthur ! there's a fellow in our form, Joe Chamberlain, who's as good as you are. I'm not quite sure if he ain't better.

[“There was no doubt that Lord Salisbury was by birth, by association, by the character of his own mind, a Conservative of a pronounced type. He would not do Mr. Balfour the injustice to say he was not a strong Conservative ; but Mr. Balfour was a much younger man.—Mr. Chamberlain was second in authority only to Mr. Balfour, and on a great many questions his authority in the Government and as a Parliamentary leader was scarcely second to that of the Prime Minister himself.”—DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, at *Liberal Unionist Council Meeting*, February 26, 1903.]



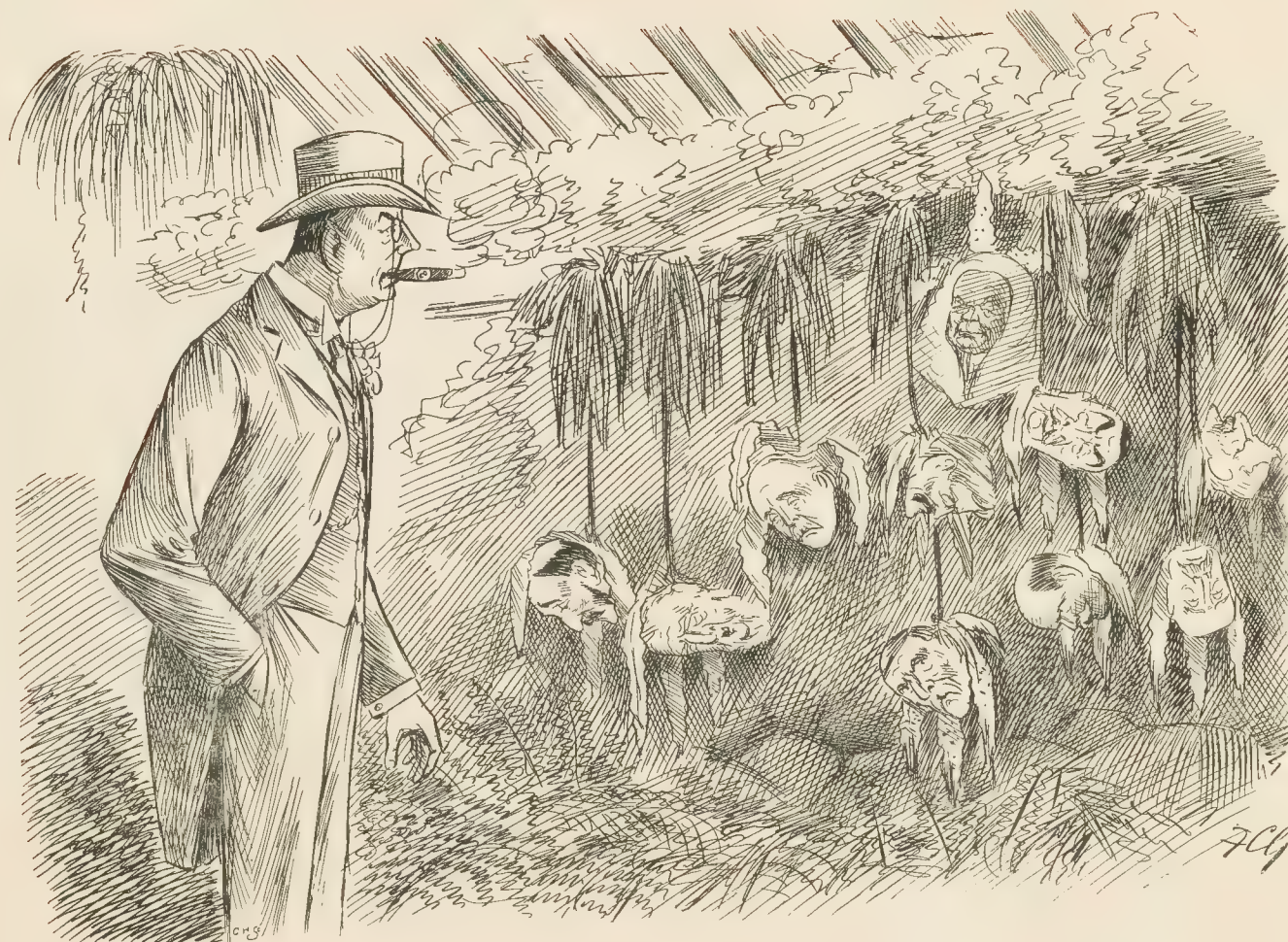
BRINGING HIM HOME

"Clear the Road!"



WHEN HE COMES BACK

THE COCKATOO (which has just come back): Hullo! how are you all? You don't look very cheerful.
 THE OTHER BIRDS (who have stayed at home): We've had an awful time of it since you've been away!
 THE COCKATOO: Sorry for you, but I'm jolly glad I was out of it. You seem to be in a pretty mess all round.



THE POOR ORCHIDS

‘MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Dear me! I don’t believe they’ve had a drop of water since I’ve been away.
I wonder if I can revive them.



COMING THRO' THE RYE

Gin a body jilt a body
Comin' thro' the rye,

It's not at all surprising if
It makes a body cry.



THE MOURNERS

THE DUKE OF D. : Poor old Jingo ! Aw'fly sad, ain't it ?

MR. C. : Ah ! he was a good friend to us !

MR. B. : And to think that he was buried at sea, and we can't go to his funeral !

(They all sob.)



PRO BONO PUBLICANO

THE LORD CHANCELLOR: Keep it rolling, Arthur—hang the Magistrates!



ANOTHER POOR ELEPHANT

LORD HALSBURY: Can't you see that it's Beer the poor Elephant Sahib wants? If you don't give him some he'll drop.



“ARTHUR AND] JOSEPH”

LITTLE BILLY BUNG (of Birmingham): Oh, Mr. Joseph! I'm so glad you've come back from Africa. Your brother Arthur, the policeman, has been going on dreadful. He's taken away my kite and he won't let my friend here have his pop-gun. I wish you'd speak to him.

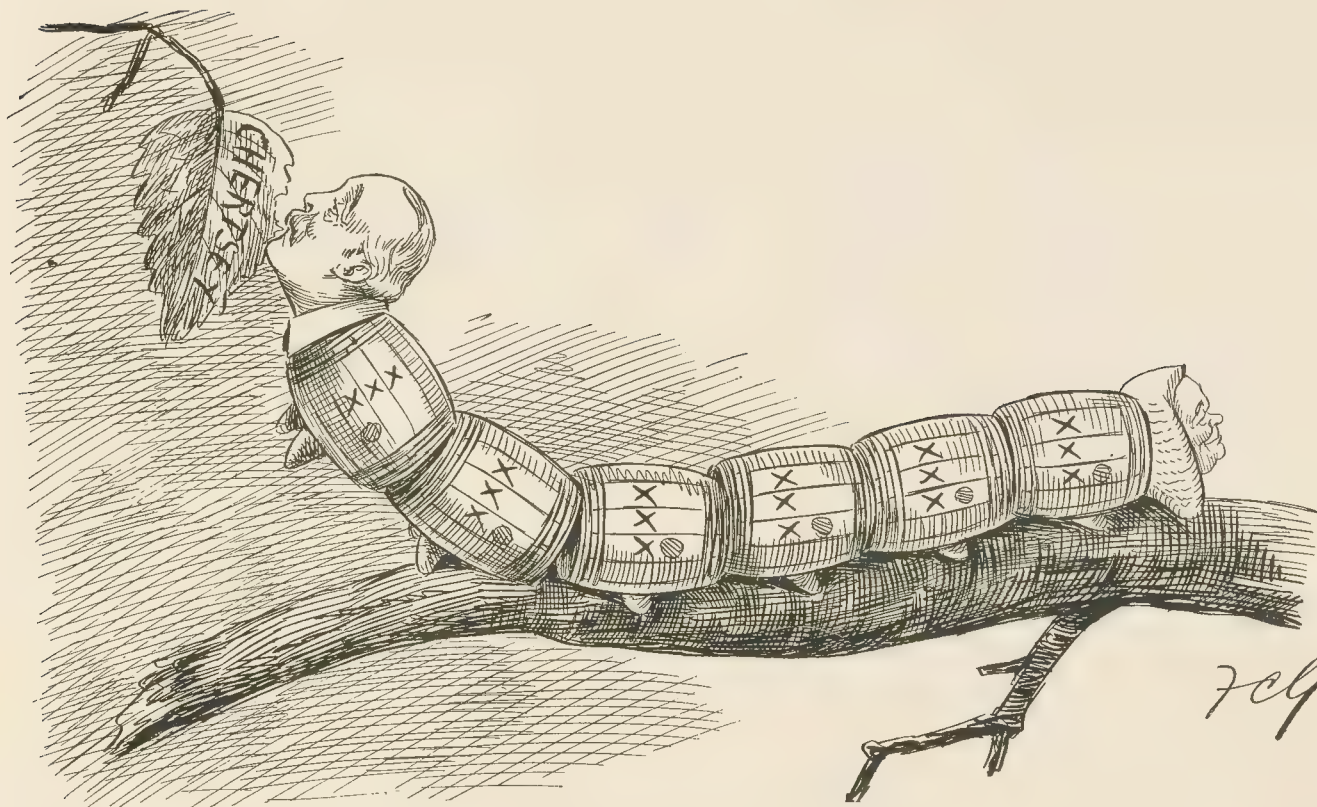
[A deputation from the Birmingham and District United Air-gun Shooting Association waited upon Mr. Chamberlain recently to ask him to use his influence to obtain an interview with the Lord Chancellor in order that they might protest against the recent action of the Licensing magistrates in Birmingham.]



A LITTLE JEALOUSY

FARMER CHALLACOMBE: Hullaw, Mr. Pugsley! Be yew mazed or be 'ee play-actin'? Yew bain't an Irishman!

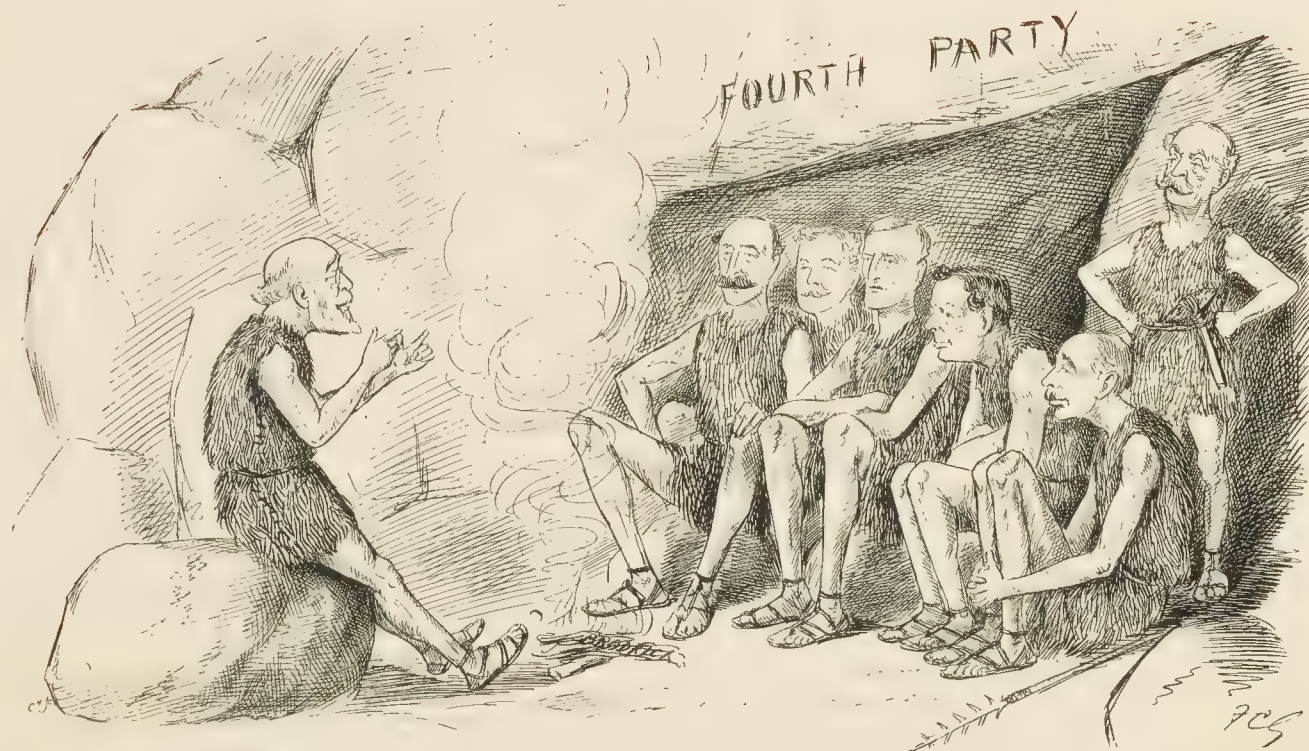
FARMER PUGSLEY (who has been reading about the Irish Land Purchase Bill): No, I bain't, Mr. Challacombe, but I be tryin' to make myself look like one. Yew zee, I want to buy my varm, and I be goin' along to zee the Squire 'bout it.



RELIEF AT LAST

The Caterpillar (larva of a Moth, *Bungosus Halsburiensis*) finds a little comfort.

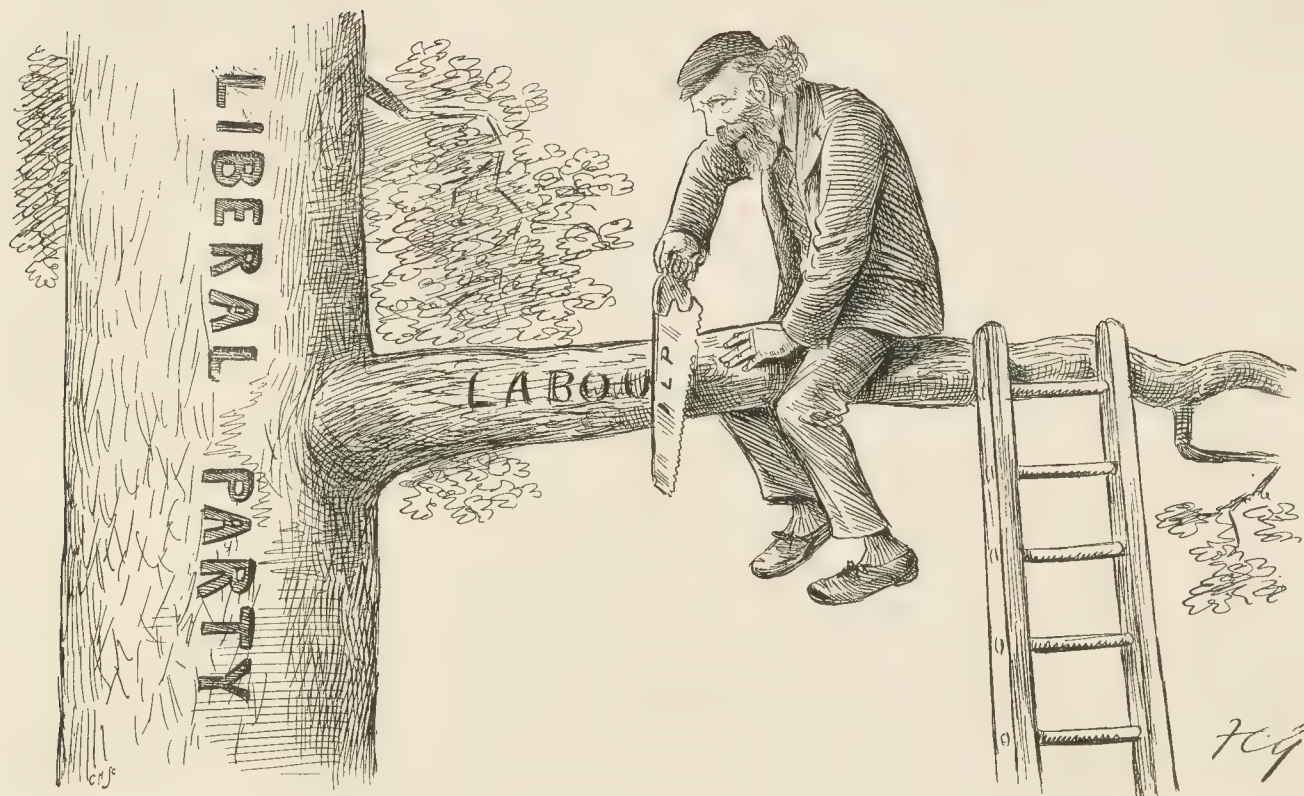
[“Ministers have now made it quite clear out of the mouths of Lord Halsbury, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Chamberlain, that they have no sympathy with the policy of confiscation which some of the Licensing Magistrates have thought proper to adopt. The effect produced by their speeches, which came not a moment too soon, was immediate, and will be felt elsewhere as well as in the Chertsey Division.”—*Standard*, March 28, 1903.]



SIR JOHN GORST MR. BECKETT, MR. IAN MALCOLM, MAJOR SEELY, MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, LORD HUGH CECIL, MR. GIBSON BOWLES

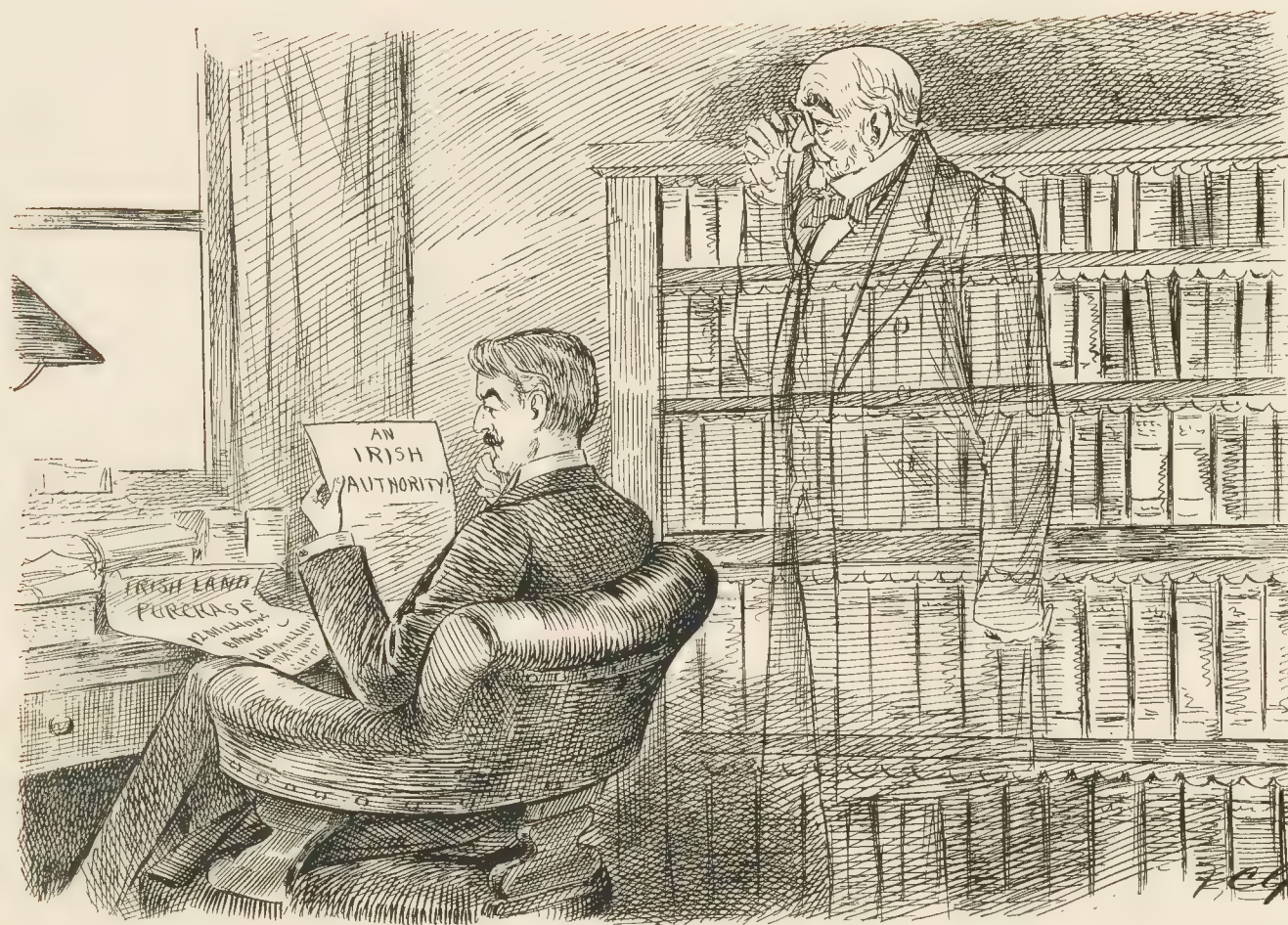
A LECTURE ON TACTICS

Primeval Cave man lecturing to a Fourth Party.



NOT A WISE SAW

Mr. Keir Hardie wishes to make Labour representation entirely independent of the Liberal Party.



ON THE PATH

THE SPIRIT OF MR. GLADSTONE: Very interesting! They don't call it Home Rule, but the path is the same.



THE "PRODIGIOUS" CHILDREN

MR. BULL: Good heavens! what nonsense is this? That's not a horse!

SIR W. ANSON: Well, Mr. Bull, it is not exactly a horse *ad hoc* for riding, but it is a "composition of a suitable body for that particular purpose."

[“You may have an *ad hoc* authority in two ways—by direct election, or by the composition of a suitable body for that particular purpose.”—SIR W. ANSON in the House of Commons introducing the London Education Bill.]



Mr. Asquith

Lord Penrhyn

Mr. W. Jones

Sir E. Clarke

PROUD AND -STIFF

(With Apologies to Sir John Tenniel)

SIR EDWARD CLARKE : He wouldn't listen to me !

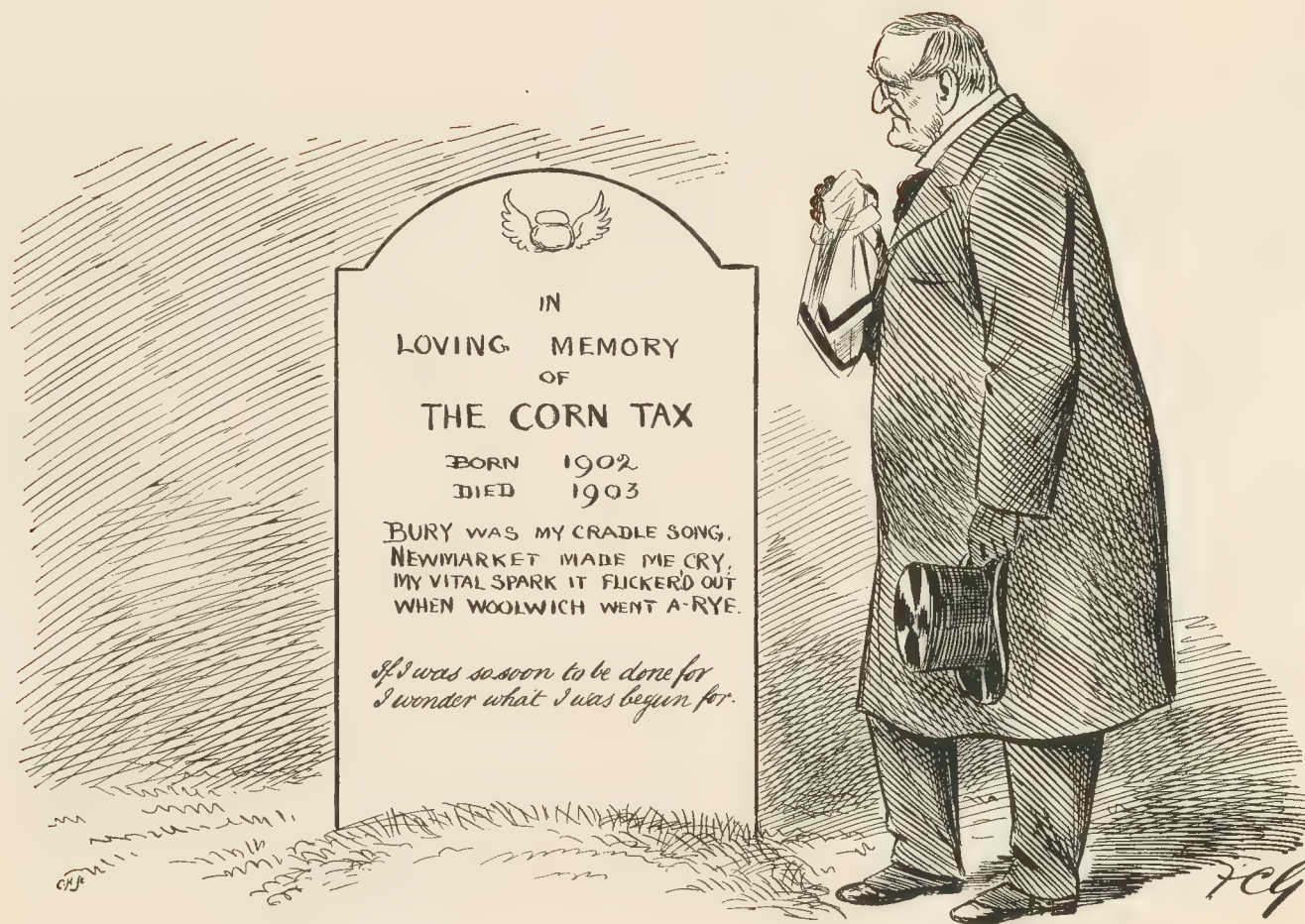
They said to him, they said it plain,
"Then you must take them back again!"

They said it very loud and clear,
They went and shouted in his ear.

But he was very stiff and proud;
He said : "You need not shout so loud!"

And he was very proud and stiff;
He said : "I'd interview them, if ——"

[The vote of censure in connection with the Penrhyn labour trouble was moved by Mr. Asquith and seconded by Mr. William Jones.]



THE MOURNER

MR. CHAPLIN: I *did* hope it would have lived to grow up.



THE UNKNOWN ABYSS

VIRGIL: *Sir William Anson.*

DANTE: *Mr. Arthur Balfour.*

VIRGIL: This is the London Education Bill.

DANTE: How delightfully nebulous! And where have you put the London School Board?

VIRGIL: Oh! that's down below.



TE(A) AMO

SHE : Oh, Mr. Chaplin : This is so sudden.

[“ Mr. Chaplin is anxious that an agitation shall be started to secure the withdrawal of the remission of the corn tax ;
his alternative policy is to take the tax off tea.”—*Daily Paper*.]



M. LOUBET THE KING

L'ENTENTE CORDIALE

A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk
In the Elysian Fields.



THE LOTOS EATER

“For he lies beside his nectar, and the bolts are hurl’d
Far below him in the valleys —”

TENNYSON.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF PROTECTION

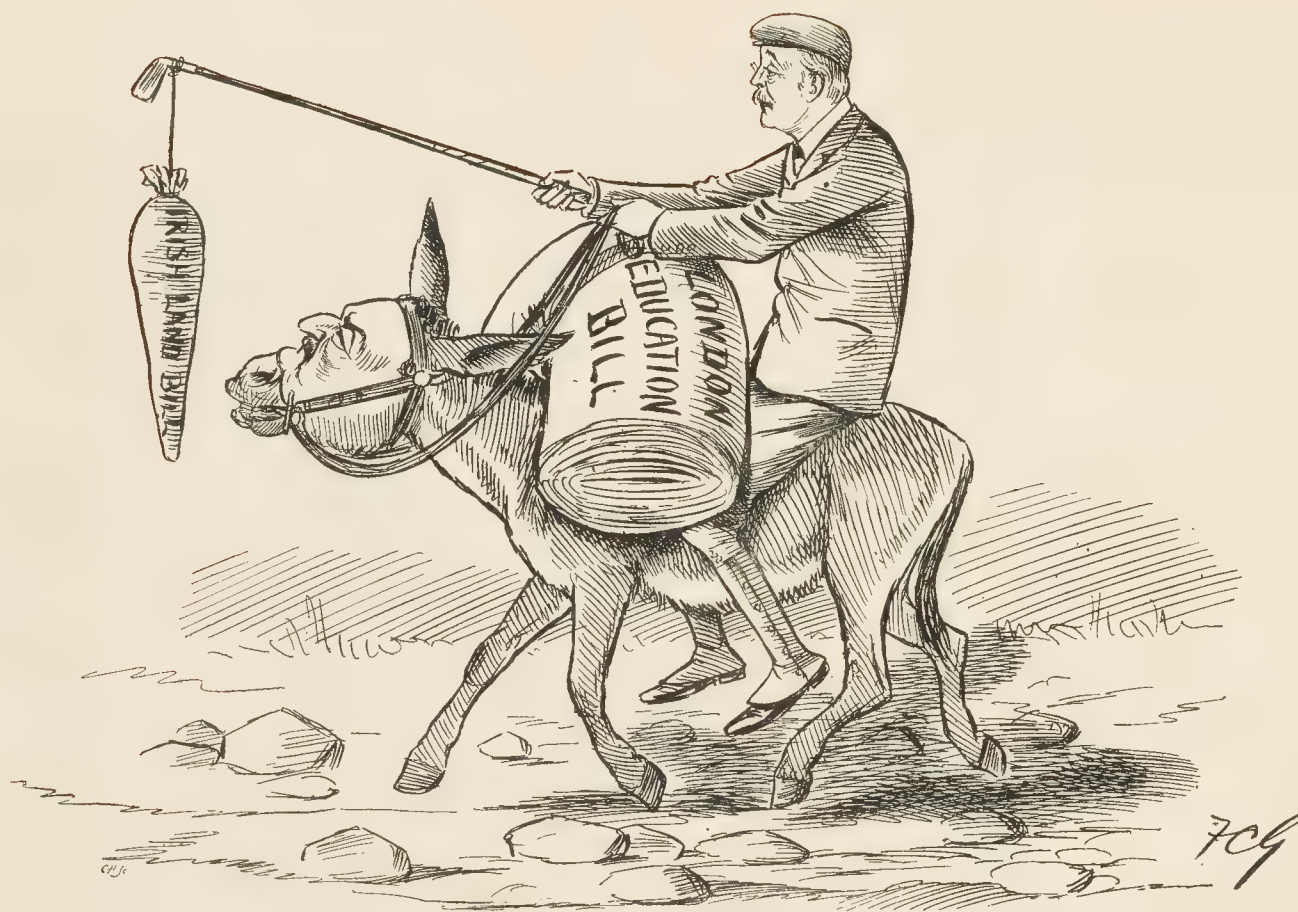
SQUIRE: Well, Hodge, Mr. Chamberlain's going to give us the good old times again—Protection and all that sort of thing.

HODGE: The good ole times, Squoire? Ees, I minds 'em, an' rare old times they wuz for the likes o' we. Starvation, an' bread riots, an' rick-burnin'. Us used to git a bit o' fat bacon once a week!

SQUIRE: Well! but the farmers got a good deal more for their corn and you labourers were better off!

HODGE: Beg pardon, Squoire, they used to pay us about 'alf wot they does now.

[“Is agriculture worse off now than it was under the operation of the Corn Laws? . . . Is it not perfectly true of the labourers that though their condition is not what it should be in the agricultural districts even yet, the agricultural labourers are infinitely better off than before—that is, both in wages, purchasing power, and in the dwellings which they inhabit?”—LORD ROSEBERRY, in the *Free Trade Hall, Manchester*, November 1, 1897.]



THE LAW OF PROGRESS

How Mr. Redmond's party is being induced to carry the London Education Bill.



MRS. JELLYBY AND HER FAMILY

"I made my way to the poor child—and found him very hot and frightened, and crying loudly, fixed by the neck between two iron railings, while a milkman and a beadle, with the kindest intentions possible, were endeavouring to drag him back by the legs."

"She exerts herself very much for Africa, sir," I said.

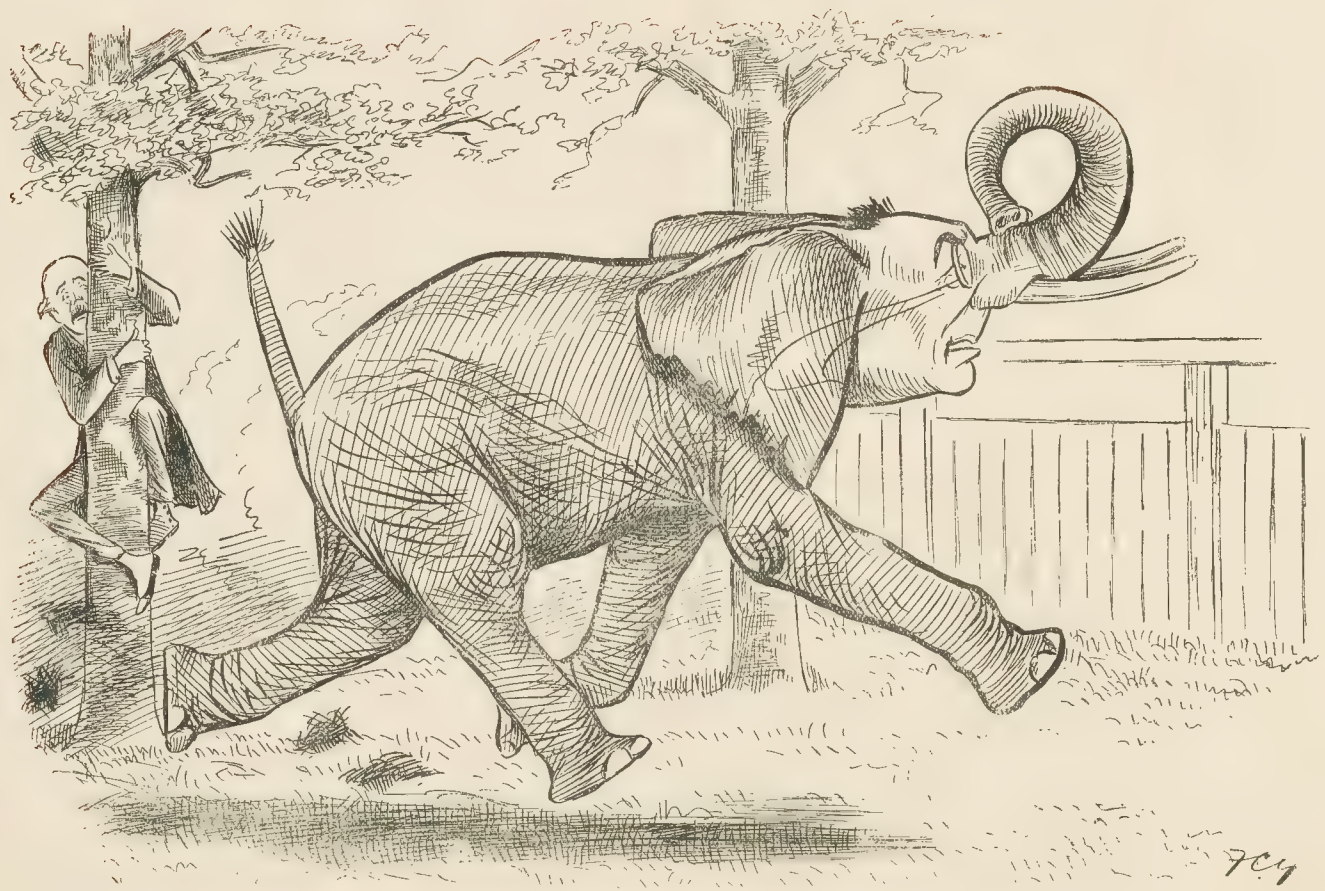
"Nobly!" returned Mr. Jarndyce—"you all think something else, I see."

"We rather thought—that perhaps she was a little unmindful of her home."

"The little Jellybys," said Richard . . . "are really—I can't help expressing myself strongly, sir—in a devil of a state."

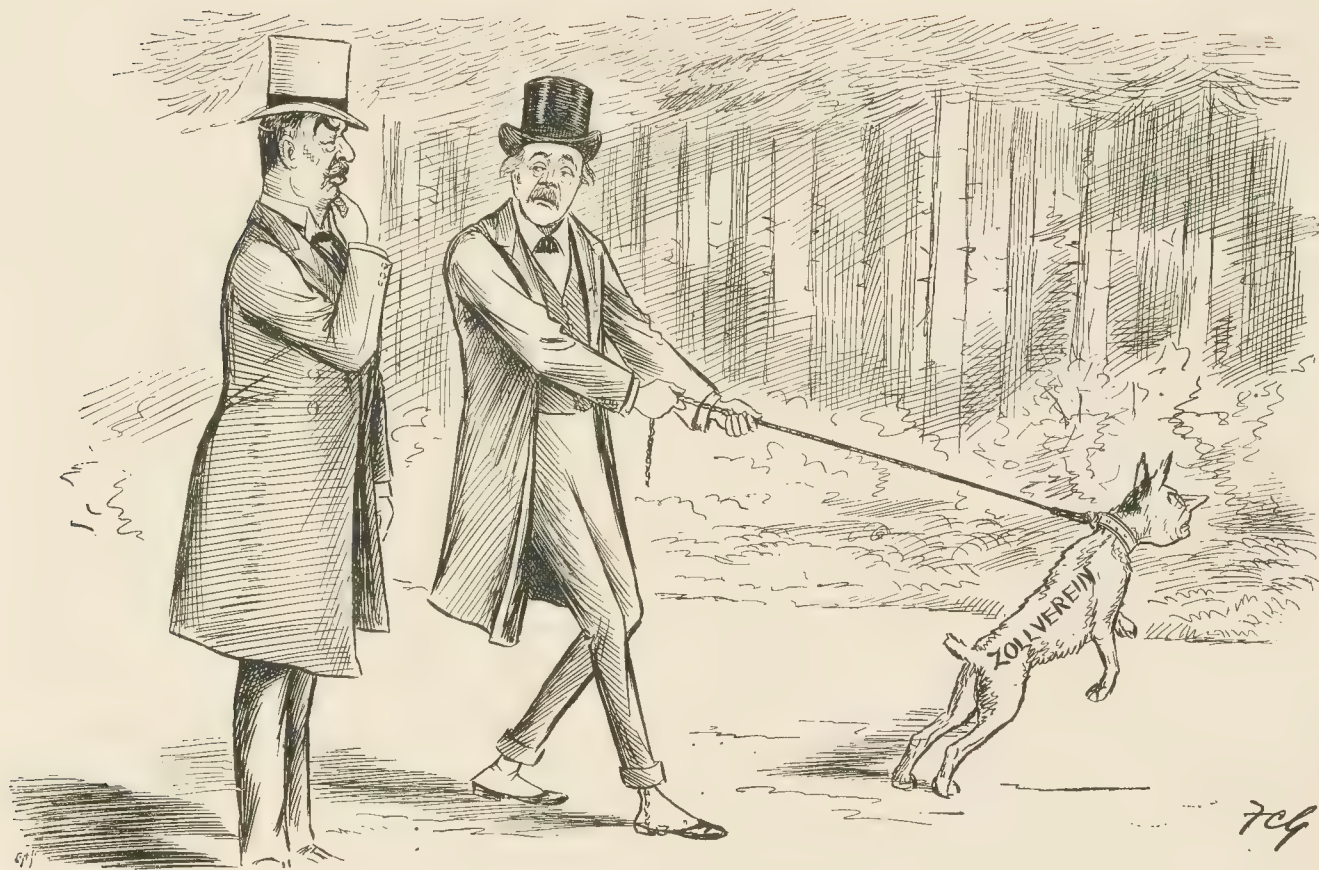
"One of the poor little things fell downstairs—down a whole flight (as it seemed to me) with a great noise"

—BLEAK HOUSE.



THE POLITICAL "JINGO"

MR. BALFOUR (rather up a tree): Good heavens! This is worse than Somaliland. He's getting dangerous. We shall have to send him away on a voyage again.



THAT DOG AGAIN

MR. BALFOUR: What do you say, Ritchie? Is it safe to let him off the chain? I dare say he'd bring us something, as he did in 1900, but I don't quite like that sort of thing. It's so liable to be misrepresented.

MR. RITCHIE: It certainly is rather risky—but can you hold him?



NOT DEAD YET

Brer Rabbit, having been told that Brer Zollverein Fox is dead because he couldn't get any more corn-tax, goes to see for himself.

BRER RABBIT (looking in at the door): Mighty funny. Brer Fox look like he dead, yit he don't do like he dead. Dead fokes hists der behime leg and hollers WAHOO! w'en a man come ter see um.

Sho nuff, Brer Fox lif' up his foot en holler WAHOO! en Brer Rabbit he tear out de house like de dogs wuz atter 'im.



BAITING THE DEAR-FOOD HOOK

THE FISH: Catch me taking that.



SHIVERING ON THE BRINK

ARTHUR : I hope he won't take me out of my depth. I don't half like it. It's awfully cold.

THE DUKE : Beastly nuisance havin' to undress.

THE OTHER MINISTERS : Let's wait and see how they get on.



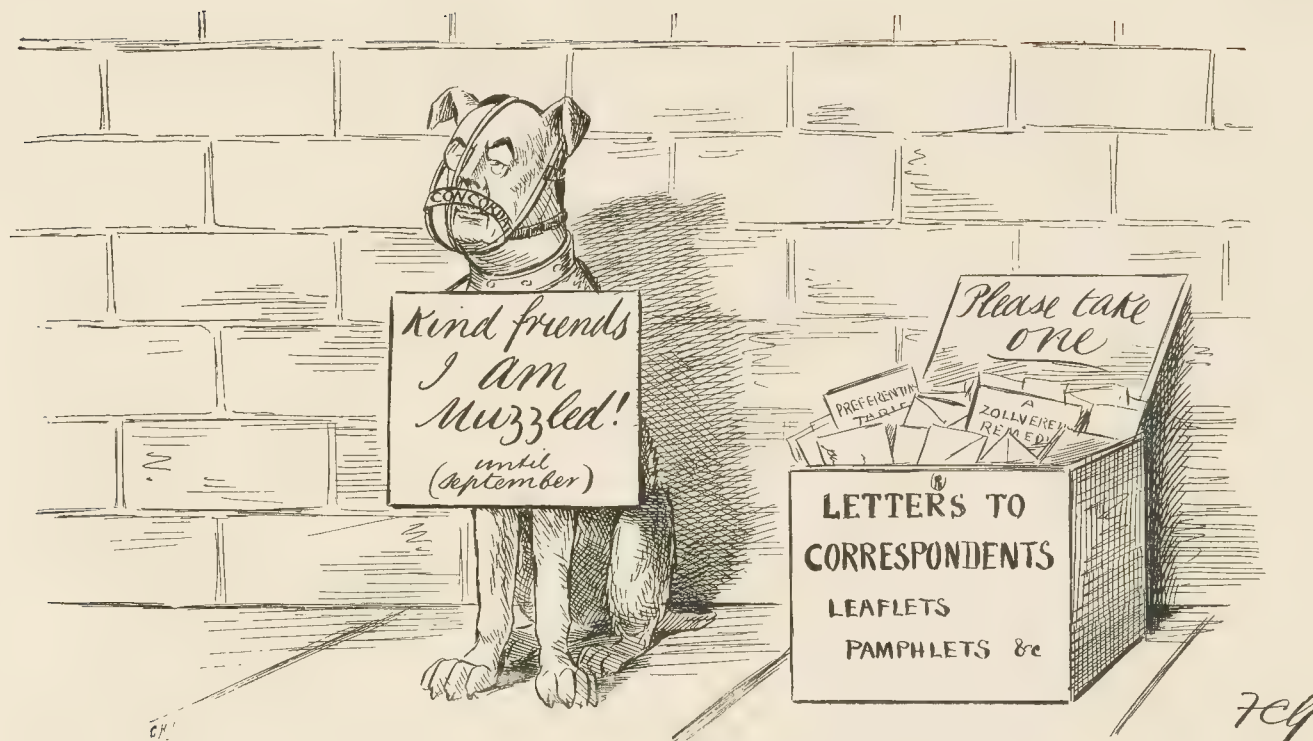
THE INCENDIARY AND THE FIREMAN

Captain Wells, Chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, has been appointed Chief Agent of the Conservative Party, in succession to Captain Middleton. He finds the Unionist premises well alight.



THE ZOLLVEREIN CAKE-WALK

Old Joe a-kicking up behind and before,
And a yellow gal a-kicking up behind
OLD JOE.



MUZZLED BUT —

It is rumoured that a Cabinet Concordat has been arranged under which Mr. Chamberlain is not to make any speeches about his programme until the end of the Session. Letters and explanatory communications, however, are apparently easily obtainable.



“WHEN SO DISPOGED”

MRS BALFOUR-GAMP : Don't ask whether I won't take none, or whether I will, but leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoqed.—MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT.

[“Mrs. Gamp has already applied herself to the bottle.”—*Vide* Mr. BALFOUR'S *speech, last night.*]



MOTHER HUBBARD'S LATEST IDEA

MOTHER CHAMBERLAIN HUBBARD: Want an Old-Age Pension bone, do you? Well, the cupboard is still bare, but I've thought of a capital way of getting one. BITE A BIT OFF YOUR OWN TAIL!

[To invite the working classes to submit to dear food in order to get Old-Age Pensions is like asking a dog to eat his own tail.]



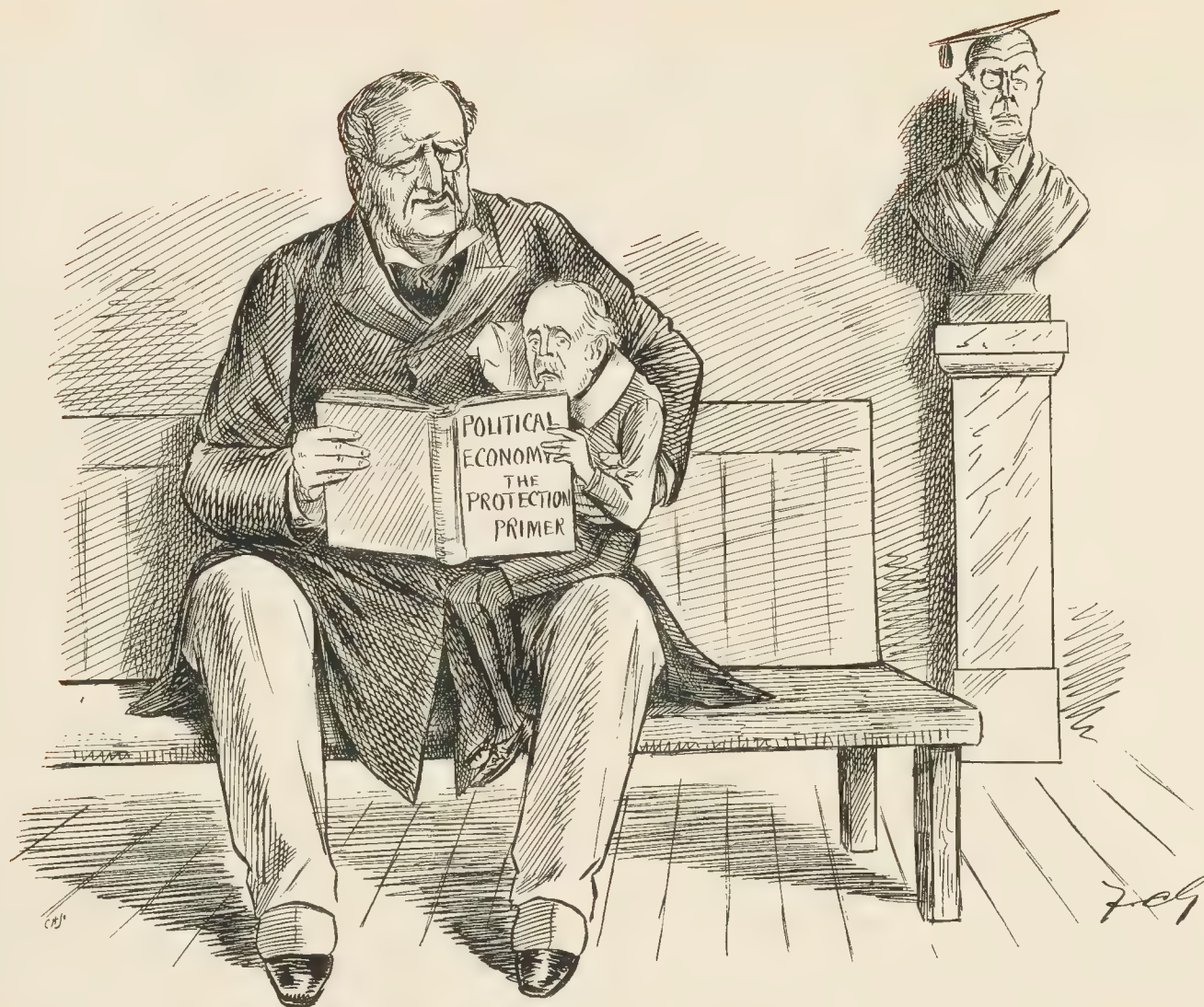
SPECTACULAR DECEPTION

JOE : Now then, gents, you may think this loaf is a little 'un, but you just look at it through these patent Imperial Protection double magnifying spectacles, and you'll see the loaf as large as you like.

THE WORKING MAN : That's all very well, mister, but we want to *eat* the loaf, not to look at it.



WHEEL AND WOE



PRIMING THE PREMIER

It is rumoured that Mr. Balfour is taking home-lessons from an Eminent Professor of Political Economics. The name of the Professor has not transpired, but we hazard a guess.



A CONSTITUTIONAL FEAST

Miss Clara Balfour of Niger
Smiled as she rode on a tiger.

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They returned from the ride
With Clara inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

[JUNE 29]



OVERBOARD

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: We're going down awfully fast, Arthur! We must throw something overboard or we shall be smashed.

MR. BALFOUR: Would it do if one of us——?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN: Don't talk nonsense; help me to chuck this cheap food and these big loaves over.

[“ But when you have no more sandbags, well, then you have to reconsider your position.”—MR. BALFOUR *at the Constitutional Club, June 26, 1903.*]



THE CHEF AND THE DUKE

THE DUKE OF D. : But look here, Monsieur Joseph, suppose you can't get the right material out of your inquiry.

CHEF JOSEPH : Ah ! Monsieur le Duc, I do not trouble myself for the material. Ca n'importe rien ! It is all a matter of the arrangement—une affaire de cuisine.



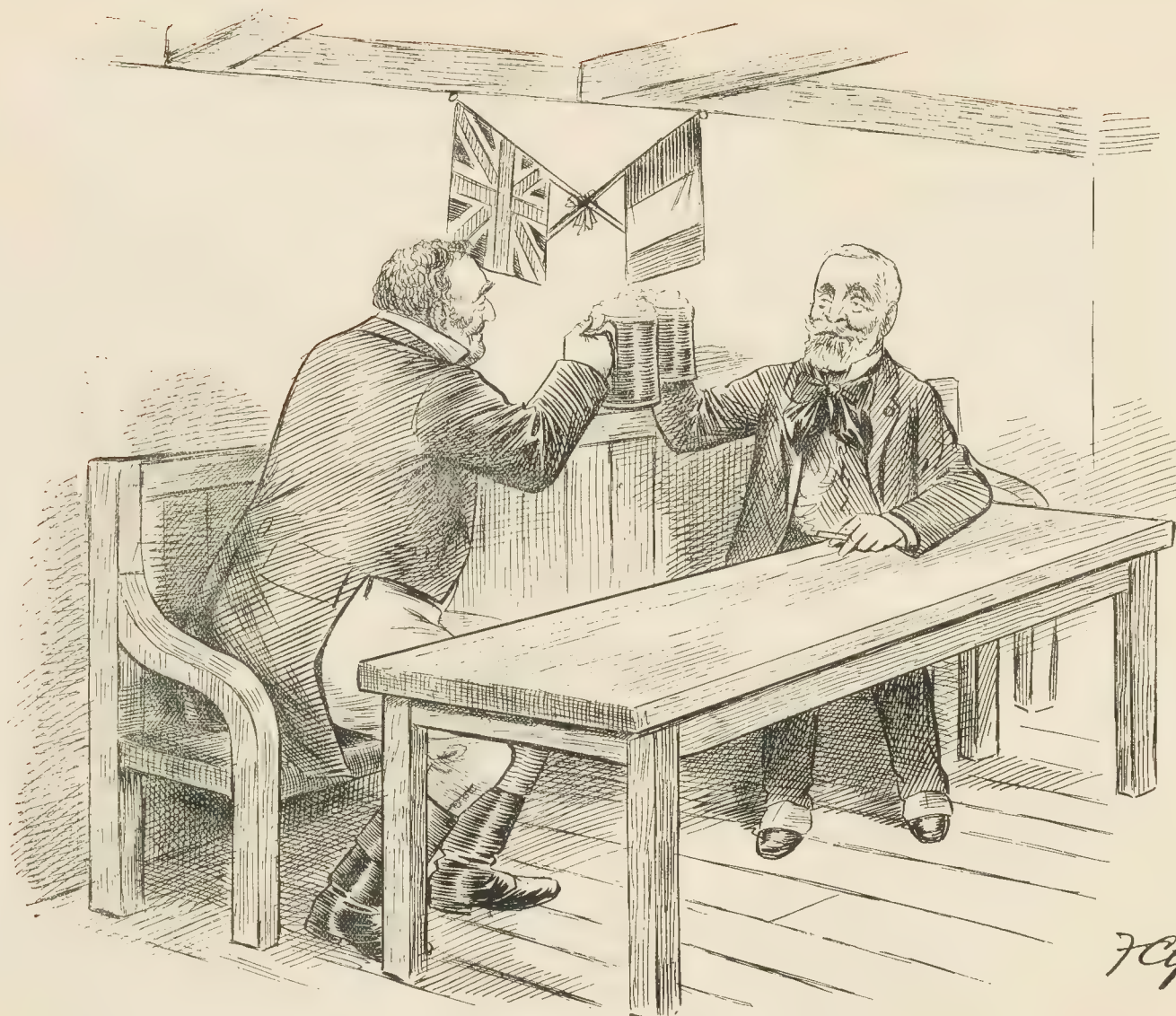
HIS FIRST SMOKE

ARTHUR (feeling very unsettled): Oh dear! I wish I hadn't let Joe make me promise to smoke the thing.
Shall I be able to get through with it?



THE SORT OF INQUIRY HE MEANS

MR. C.: Are you there? Is that the Central Conservative Association? Are you Captain Wells?—What? Yes, I'm Mr. Chamberlain. I want you to inquire amongst the constituencies what they think of my proposals from the electioneering point of view. What? No, I don't mean about the food question; I don't want that part accentuated; put it to them on the Imperial part and the retaliation specially against Germany, and don't forget about the taking it lying down. And, look here—you needn't send me ALL the reports you get. What? I can't hear you. Are you there? Are you there? (Left inquiring.)



AN INTERNATIONAL WAYSIDE INN

JOHN BULL: Here's your very good health, Mr. Loubet. Hooray for France!

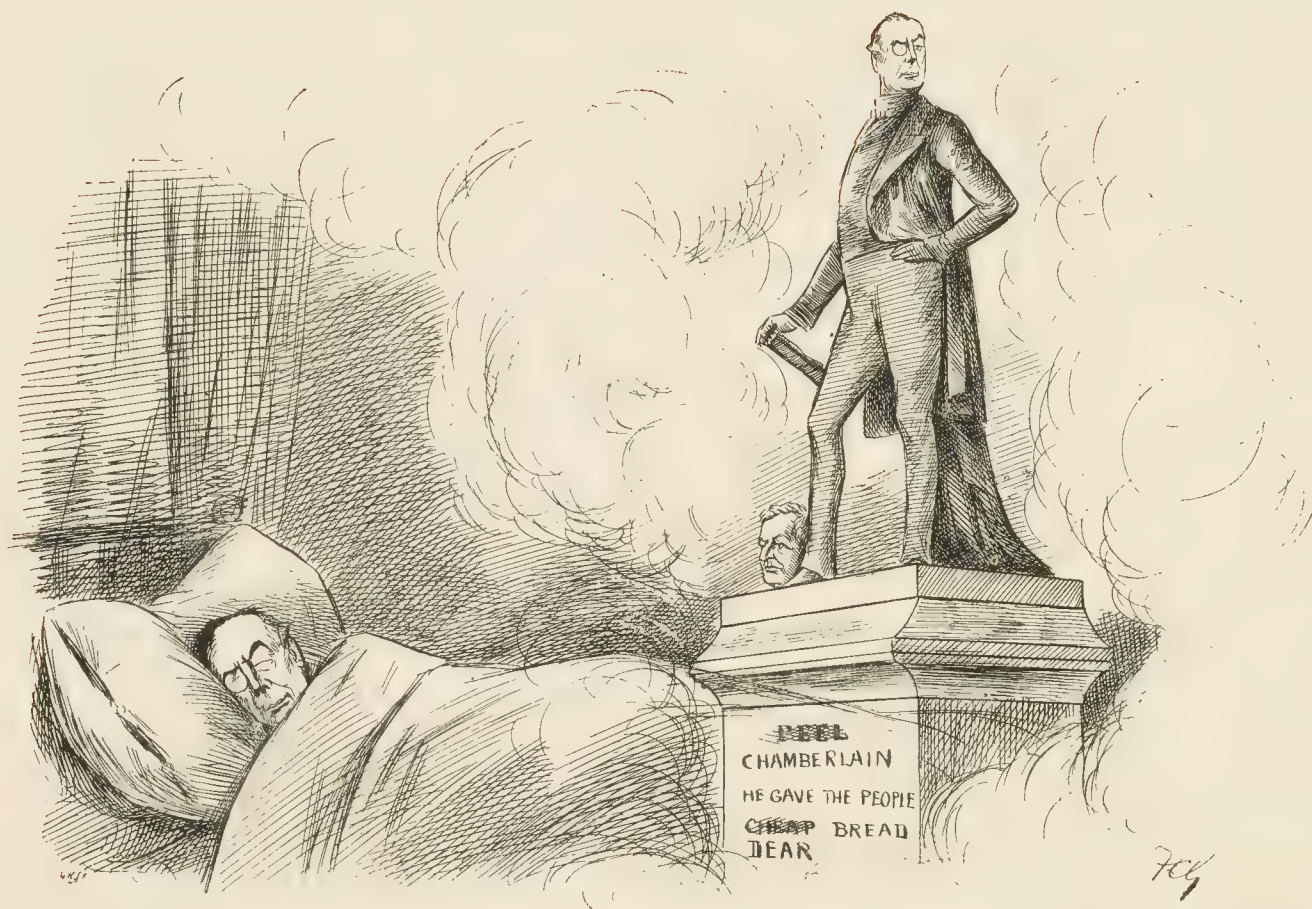
M. LOUBET: A votre santé, Monsieur Bull. Vive l'Angleterre!



THE OLD PROPERTIES

THE GHOST: Beware the Sixth of October!

[Mr. Chamberlain will make his first unmuzzled speech on October 6 at Glasgow.]



JOSEPH'S DREAM



AN EXPLORATORY OPERATION

THE BUTCHER : You needn't be alarmed, I am only going to perform a slight exploratory operation—just for the sake of inquiry.

THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS : Murder !



THE DYKE BORER

Ab, little rat, that borest in the dyke
Thy hole at night to let the boundless deep
Down upon far-off cities while they dance—
Or dream——

TENNYSON, "Merlin and Vivien."



THE JOE-O'-LANTERN

MR. BALFOUR: Here, I say, I'm in an awful mess!

THE JOE-O'-LANTERN: Ha-ha! I'm off! You must look after yourself.

[“It was notable that Mr. Chamberlain, author of all the trouble, bolted—there is no phrase quite so expressive of his hasty exit—the moment ordinary questions were over.”—*Daily News Pictures in Parliament*, July 16, 1903.]



MR. FACING-BOTH-WAYS

TO THE FARMER

In my Birmingham leaflet No. 3 on "Trade and the Empire," and "What a small tax on wheat will do for us," you will find that I say:

"By encouraging British farming it will bring back to cultivation acres of derelict land."

TO THE WORKING MAN

In my Birmingham leaflet No. 3 on "Trade and the Empire," and "What a small tax on wheat will do for us," you will find that I say:

"The duty will encourage the production of wheat at home and in the Colonies. It will, therefore, increase the amount of wheat in the world; and an increase of supply must mean a falling of price."

[But if the increase of supply means a falling of price, what is the use to the farmer of encouraging him to grow more wheat?]



OUR BIRMINGHAM METHOD

As the result of pushful enterprise our artist has succeeded in sketching a meeting of the 'Tariff Committee of the Birmingham Liberal Unionist Association. All its members were said to have been present.



A VERY MODERN MOSES

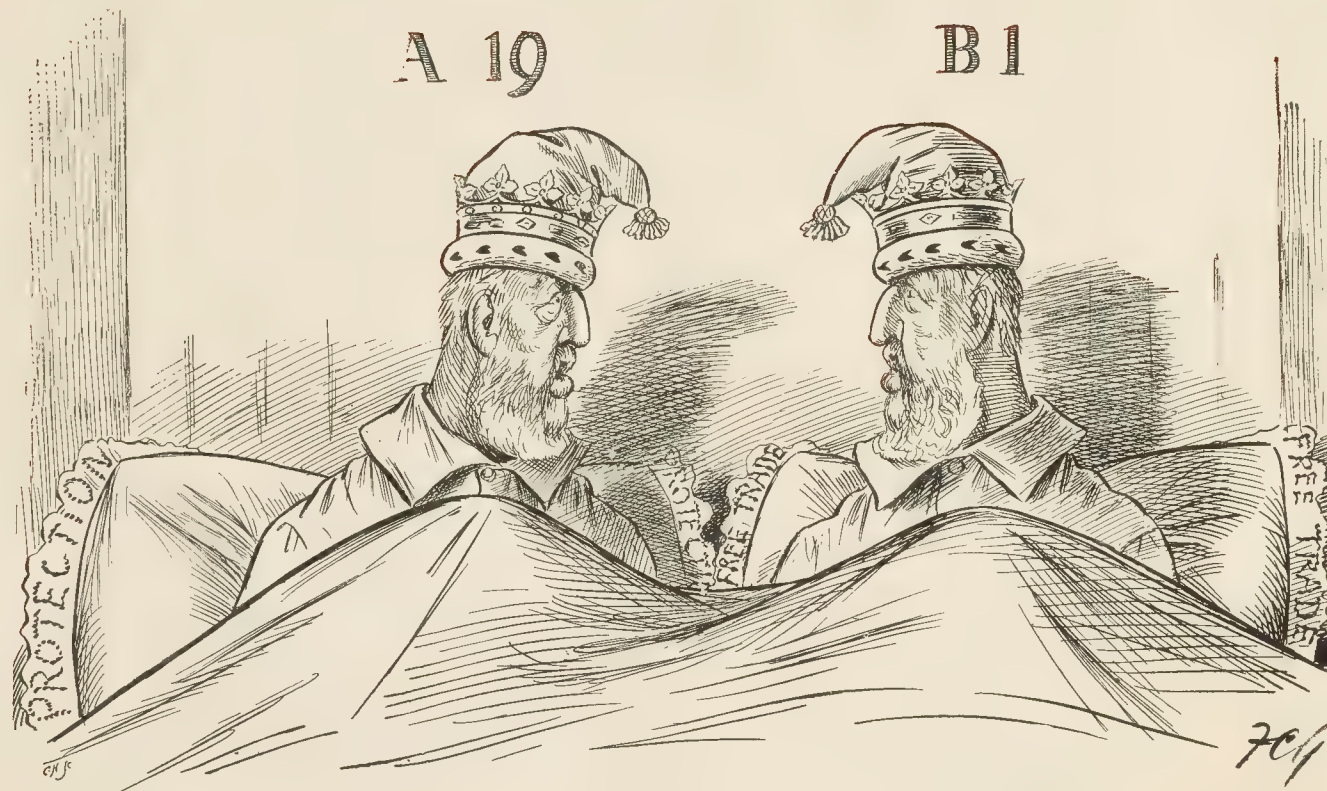
Look here! This won't do. I can't have you quails dumping yourselves down here. You'll interfere with our home-grown poultry industry. Go away!



THE GERMAN BOGEY

JOHN BULL (taking it lying down): All right, Joe, I see you. It's no use trying to frighten me with that trick.

[“I have risen for the purpose of pointing out that this notion that we must make some fundamental change in our fiscal system to have the power of dealing with a situation like this is, if I may so call it, a bogey, conjured absolutely out of nothing, which has been magnified at any rate into unnatural and monstrous proportions in order to curdle the blood and muddle the brains of ignorant and nervous people.”—MR. ASQUITH, *in the House of Commons*, July 23, 1903.]



A DUAL DUCAL ENTITY

IN THE LIBERAL UNIONIST BED

"Holloa! What the doose is the meaning of this? Am I you, or are you me?"

[The Duke of Devonshire's name figures in the list of those whose opinions on Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals are published by the Liberal Unionist Association. In A 19 he appears as a supporter of Protection—in B 1 as a supporter of Free Trade. Both, however, are taken from one speech.]



THE EXCHEQUER GUARD

Chancellors all waiting for "Mr. Chamberlain and his associates."

[It is a significant fact that the present Chancellor of the Exchequer and his three living predecessors in that office, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Lord Goschen, and Sir William Harcourt, are all staunch defenders of the Free Trade flag.]



HUNTING THE FREE TRADE STAG

A weedy mount for a rough country.



THE DUCHESS AND THE DUKE

(With apologies to Sir John Tenniel.)

Mr. Chamberlain is said to be assiduously "nursing" the Duke of Devonshire in the Government Wonderland.



NOT TO BE TRUSTED

MR. BULL: Now then, Lansdowne, what are you doing with that thing?

LORD L.: I'm only trying this revolver, sir!

MR. BULL: Good heavens! You with a revolver! I've just been reading your Report, and I wouldn't trust any one of you with a pop-gun.

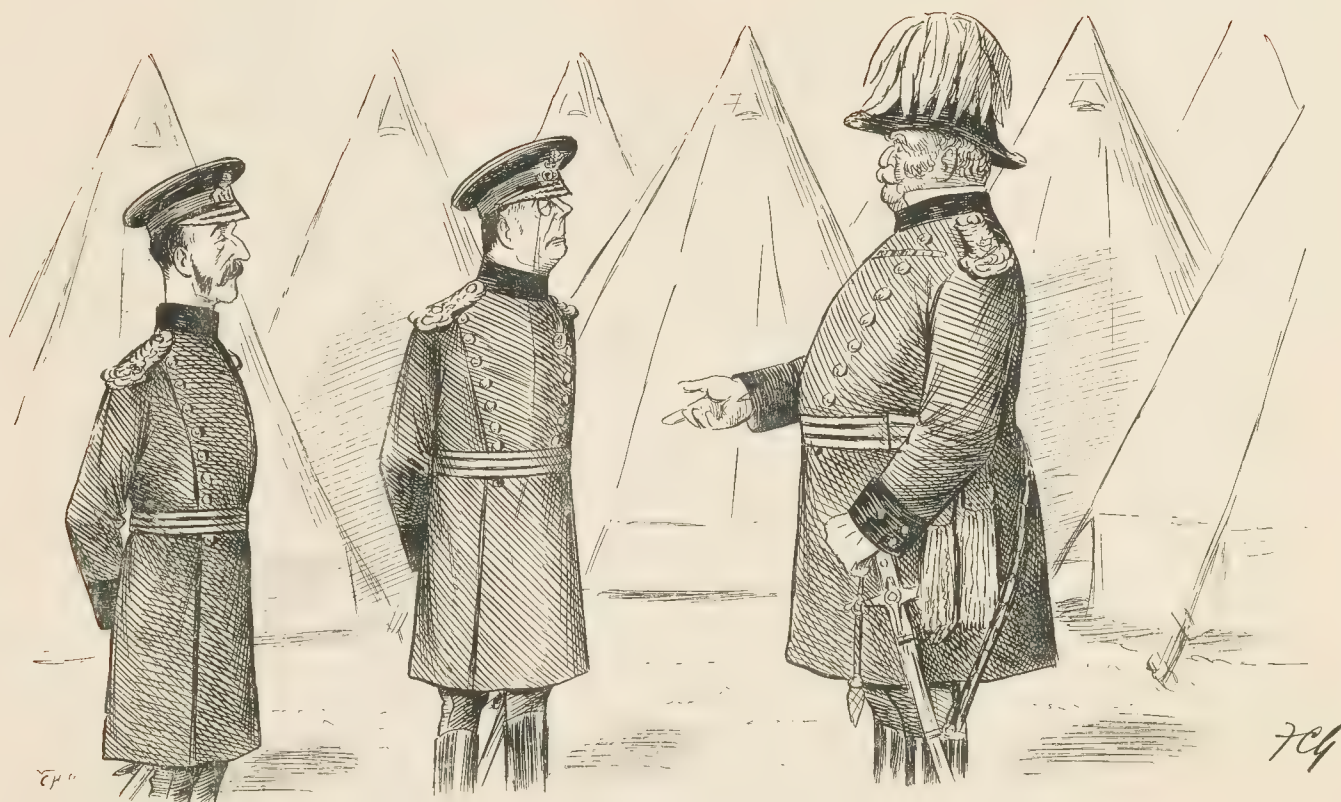
[“Lord Lansdowne wanted a loaded revolver to point at foreign nations; but after the Report of the War Commission, he would not trust Lord Lansdowne with a penny pop-gun.”—EARL BEAUCHAMP at *Pontesbury*, September 3, 1903.]



NOT WANTED

MR. C. : Not want my pills? Yah, you don't want to live !

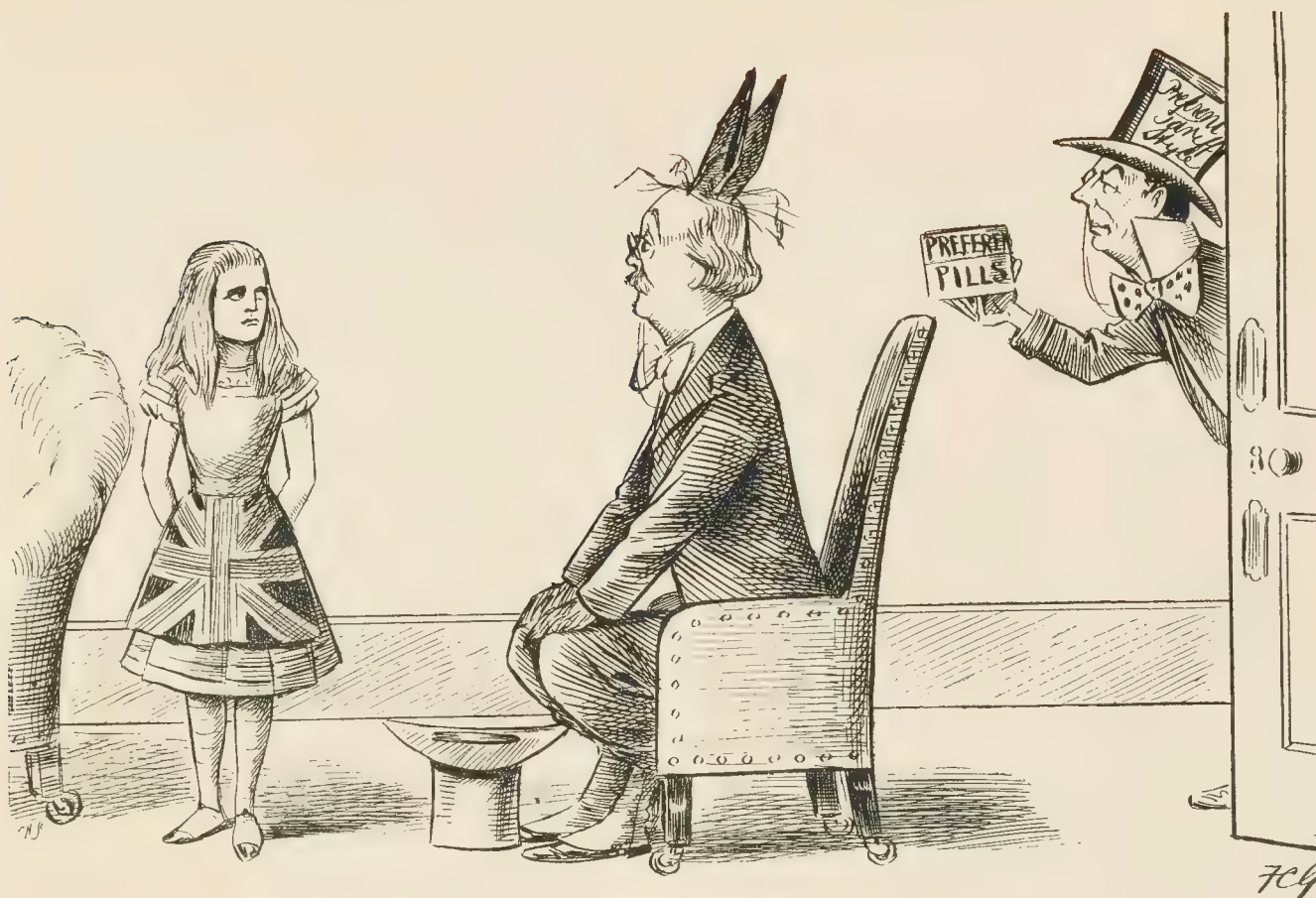
MR. BULL : It's just because I *do* want to live that I won't have 'em at any price.



GENERAL CRITICISM

GENERAL CHAMBERLAIN: Well, at any rate, sir, you can't blame me; *I* was quite ready.

FIELD-MARSHAL BULL: Can't blame you! There isn't a pin to choose between you. You knew Lansdowne wasn't ready, and yet you rushed that beastly Hour-Glass gun of yours into action and precipitated the whole thing.



WONDERLAND DOCTORS

"I'm afraid there's nothing the matter with you—just now," said the March Hare.

"Of course there isn't," Alice replied rather crossly; "I told you so at first."

"Ah! but there might be—at any moment," said the March Hare eagerly. "Microbes might come in at the window and dump themselves down on you. So I think I'll write out a little Prescription for you—let me see, what shall it be? Retaliation; there—that'll be splendid for you!"

"Retaliation?" repeated Alice in great astonishment; "what on earth is that?"

"It's a sort of a Revolver, you know," the March Hare said triumphantly. "You'll be able to shoot the microbes with it when they come in."

Alice was more puzzled than ever.

"But there's the Mad Hatter too, with a large box of Pills for me," she remarked.

"Oh!" the March Hare replied confidentially; "you'd better take *my* prescription first, and then we can see about the Pills afterwards."—*A variation of "Alice in Wonderland."*



METTIUS CURTIUS UP-TO-DATE

METTIUS CURTIUS, JUN. : Jump, father ; we'll hold on to the rope.
(Mettius Curtius, sen., jumps.)



TAKING HIM ON

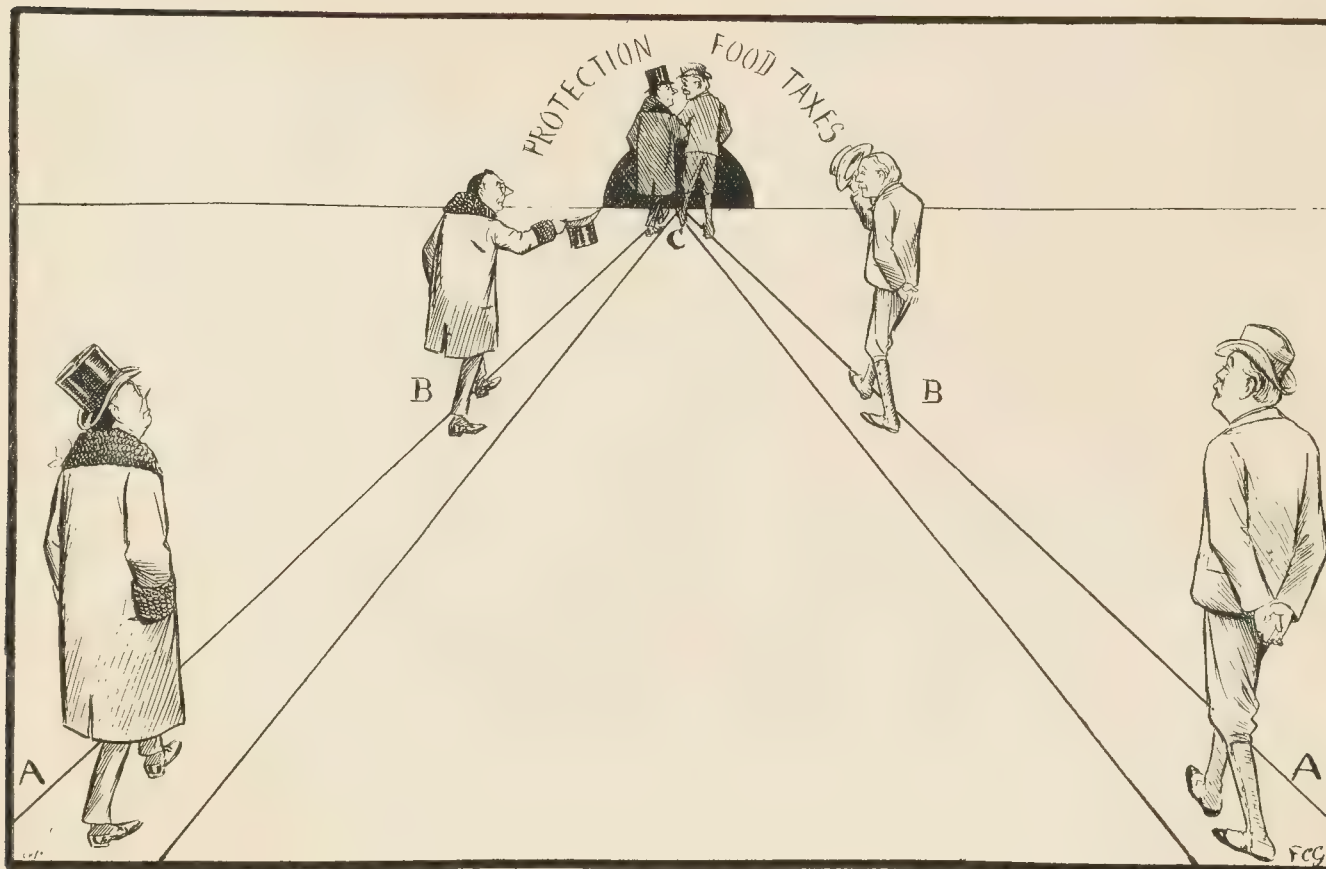
COACHMAN : Where's your father, Mr. Austen ?

MR. AUSTEN : Oh ! he has gone on a little way—we shall pick him up a little later on.

COACHMAN : But I thought the Duke was going to get off here with Mr. Ritchie and the other passengers who have got down.

MR. AUSTEN : Yes, I believe he intended to ; but he's fast asleep—let's take him on !

(N.B.—The Duke subsequently woke up and got down.)



A PERSPECTIVE DIAGRAM

A A Starting on parallel lines.—B B Converging.—C Converged (Vanishing or Dissolution Point).
(Parallel lines converge in perspective.)

[The *Times* says that Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain are moving on parallel lines.]



A SPIRITED POLICY

THE BOTTLE TRICK.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN (all at sea): Not cling to a whisky bottle! Why, I'd cling to anything!

[“A Kingsland publican, having written to Mr. Chamberlain to tell him that he was endeavouring to further his efforts by having his bottles marked ‘Support Fiscal Reform’ (the letter being accompanied by an empty sample bottle), received a reply from Mr. Chamberlain through his private secretary saying that ‘anything which calls attention to the question he has raised is useful at the present time.’” — *From the Morning Advertiser.*]



“MUM’S THE WORD”

GOING TO THE CABINET COUNCIL (September 14, 1903)

(No comment is needed.)

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[Oct. 2



"I MEAN TO LEAD"

"A man who, however unworthy, is called upon to lead a party must lead it, and so long as I am in that position I mean to lead it." (Cries of "What about Joe?").—*Report of the Sheffield Meeting, October 1, 1903.—Daily Paper.*



THROUGH THE BIRMINGHAM LOOKING-GLASS

(With apologies to Sir John Tenniel.)

OFF TO GLASGOW

"All my own invention."



TWO BROKEN STRINGS

MISS BALFOUR : You're a nasty, horrid man to go away and leave me just when I've given up Joe for your sake !

THE DUKE (stolidly) : You haven't given him up—you're flitting with him still.



WONDERLAND FIGURES

"But your figures are all wrong," said Alice rather contemptuously.

The Mad Hatter glared at her indignantly. "I only use figures as illustrations," he remarked. "I do not pretend that they are proofs; the proof will be found in the argument and not in the figures. I use figures as illustrations to show what the argument is."

"But," said Alice, "if your figures are wrong, your argument must be wrong too."

The Mad Hatter glared more than ever. "My figures are the outcome of my emotions," he exclaimed with a tragic air. "Go away, Jam and Pickles!"

"Why do you call me Jam and Pickles?" asked Alice.

"Because you're not Sugar," replied the Mad Hatter loftily. "You're not worth considering!"—THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS (New Version).

[“In this controversy which I am commencing here I use figures as illustrations. I do not pretend that they are proofs; the proof will be found in the argument and not in the figures; I use figures as illustrations to show what the argument is. . . . Sugar has gone—let us not weep for it; jam and pickles remain.”—MR. CHAMBERLAIN, at *Greenock*, October 7, 1903.]



THE DOOMSTER

THE FISCAL MISSIONARY: Prepare to meet your creditors! You are rushing headlong to perdition and bankruptcy! This is your last chance! If you want to be saved, read my tracts!

MR. BULL: Going headlong to bankruptcy, am I? Well, I don't feel like it, and my banking account doesn't look like it, although you and your friends HAVE cost me a pretty penny for some years past.



GAMEKEEPER AND POACHER

THE GAMEKEEPER: All right, father, I can't see you!



"I'M RIDIN' NOO!"

A correspondent writes to us as follows: "Away in the Highlands of Scotland dwells a gardener rejoicing in the name of Mr. John Glannery. He is responsible for a story which recurs to my mind after reading Mr. Balfour's speech wherein he proclaims himself a leader and apparently vaunts himself on the situation without taking any heed of his parlous political position. The family pet in the Scotch home was a parrot whose wings had been clipped and whose efforts to fly had amused the youngsters of the household. One day, as Mr. Glannery was walking in the garden, a hoarse voice attracted his attention. From the region of the air came the following sentiment uttered by the parrot in tones of great satisfaction: 'I'm riding noo, Johnnie Glannery!' When Mr. Glannery looked up he saw the unfortunate bird being carried away over the garden in the clutch of a hawk."



SPOILING THE FUNERAL

THE UNDERTAKER : I never did see such a corpse ! What's the use of saying you ain't dead, when I tell you you ARE !

THE CORPSE : But I'm not dead.

THE PREMIER MOURNER : Pray be more considerate ! You are spoiling a beautiful funeral !



A DECOY-DUCK

SIR MICHAEL: That duck doesn't look dangerous, in fact it's rather attractive.

[The *Bristol Times and Mirror* of yesterday stated that Sir Michael Hicks Beach will, like Mr. Balfour, attend the Dolphin Banquet at Bristol on Colston Day, November 13, and that he intends to support the Premier in his efforts to carry out the Government programme as outlined in his (Mr. Balfour's) Sheffield speech.]



ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION

THE MAD HATTER: You see that John Bull is overweighted by Imports. I have a simple plan to remedy this. I will cut the cord and you will see—

N

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An immediate result!

[Oct. 29



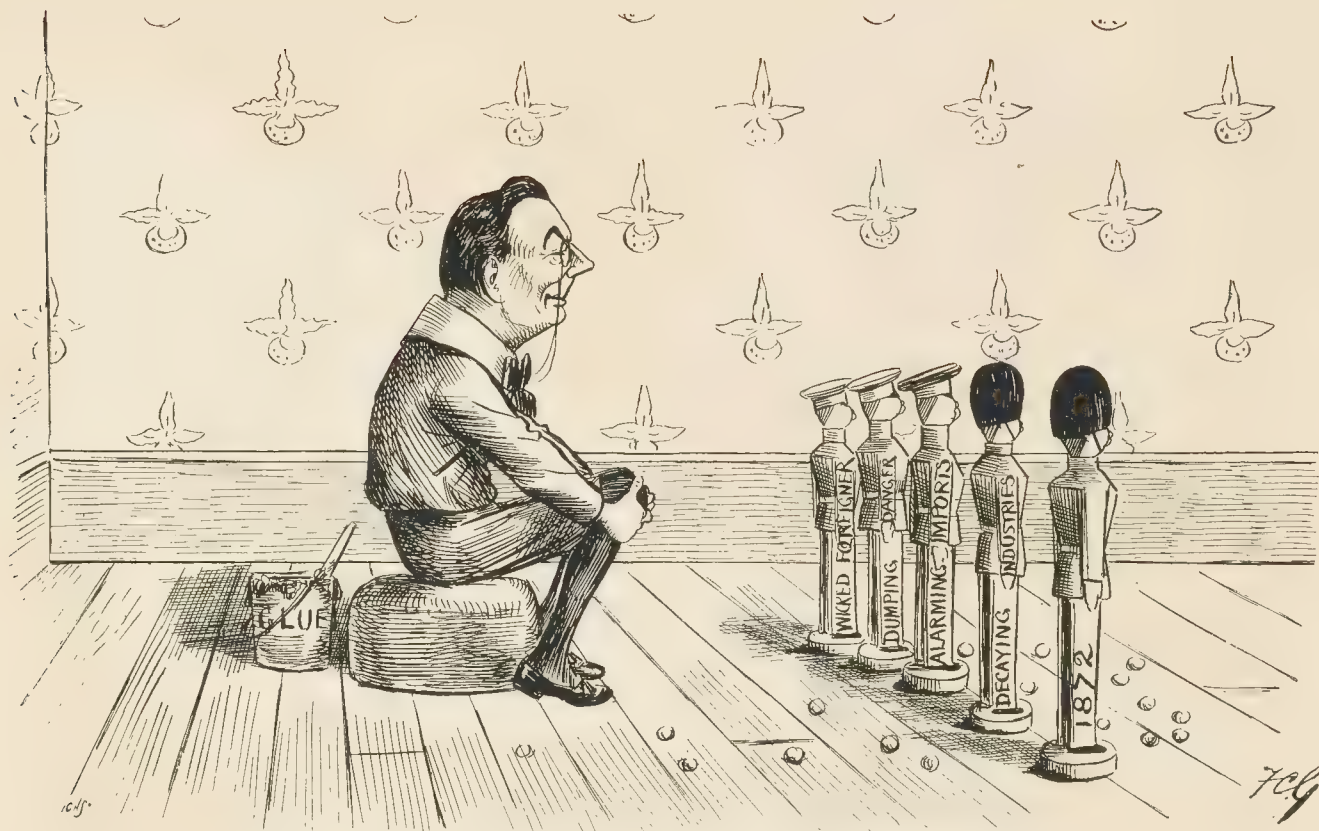
THE "TEREWTH"

With apologies to Mr. E. T. Reed's "Unrecorded History, No. VII." (representing the constitutional inability of George Washington to tell a lie).

MR. JOSEPH CHADBAND WASHINGTON: Oh, my friends! Would that I could tell you, the toilers and moilers, that you would have to pay more for your food. How I should like to appeal to you, my human workers, to make your lowly sacrifices for the great Empire which I have founded. But, alas! I cannot, for it is borne in upon me that I must speak the Terewth!

[“I admit that sometimes I almost feel as if this was the weak point in the whole argument, because I believe it to be true; but I ask you to make this change for your own good, for the good of the Empire, and you will not be called upon for any sacrifice. I declare to you that I wish I could say you would be called upon for a sacrifice. I declare I would rather appeal to you as Englishmen, and ask you whether you are not willing to do what your fathers would have done, and what, in fact, they did, whether you may yet be willing to make sacrifices for a great Imperial result.” (Cheers.)

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, at *Liverpool*, October 28, 1903.]



GLUED DOWN

[“The boy is said to be father to the man, and in the case of young Joseph Chamberlain we have an illustration of the truth of the proverb in an amusing incident that has been recorded of his youthful days. He once challenged one of his sisters to a game of battles, each being provided with a regiment of toy soldiers and a pop-gun. Joseph won easily, but his sister subsequently discovered that he had taken the precaution to glue his men to the floor!”—From an article on the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, by W. J. WINTLE, in the *London Magazine*, October 1903.]



REVIVING A DECAYED INDUSTRY

GHOST OF SMUGGLER: Here's a health to you, sir! I hope you'll succeed in bringing back THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

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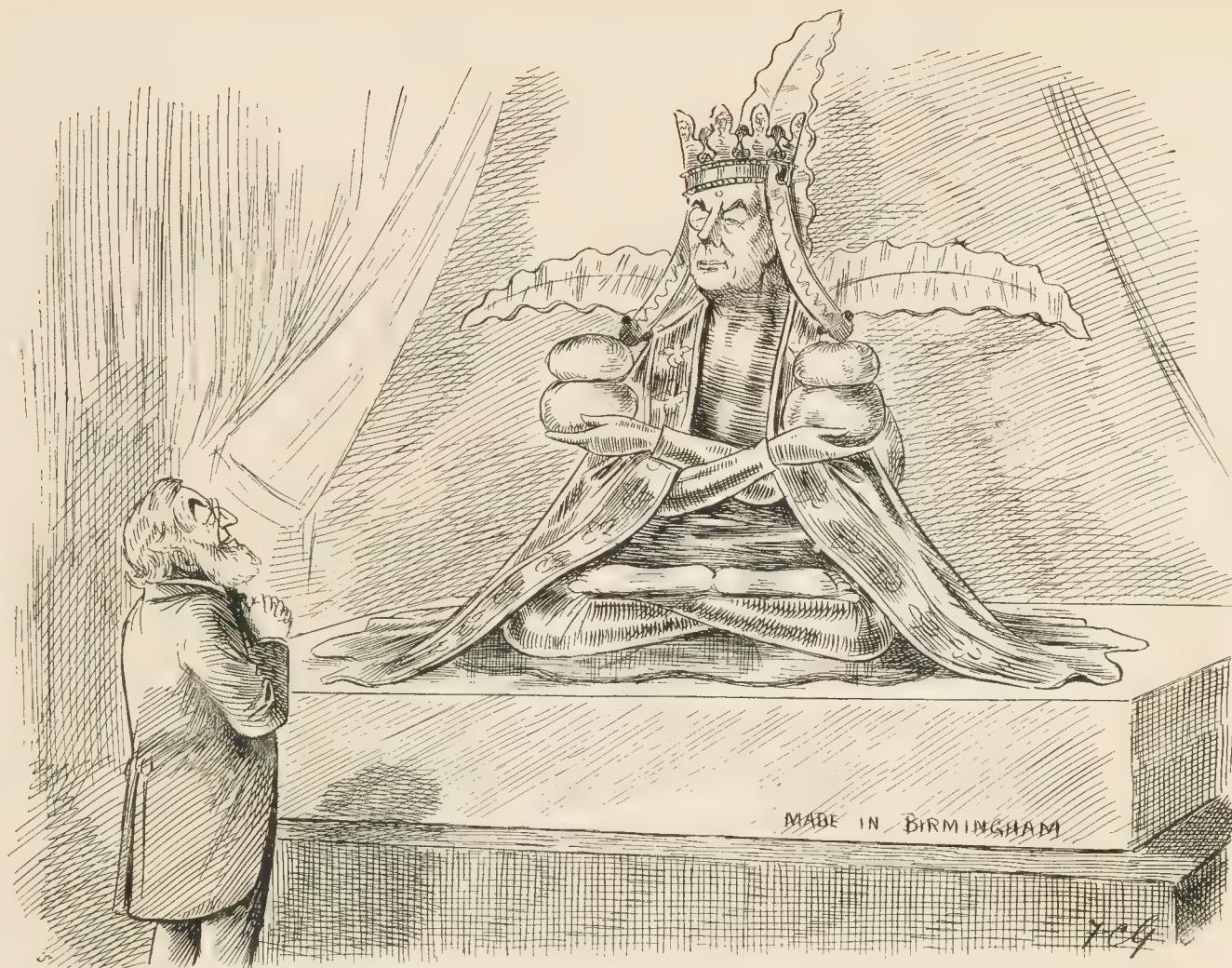
[Nov. 5]



NO FLIRTATION ALLOWED

THE CHAPERONE: Now, Clara, remember! You've unfortunately promised Michael a dance, and you can't very well get out of it, but don't encourage him. No flirtation, mind!

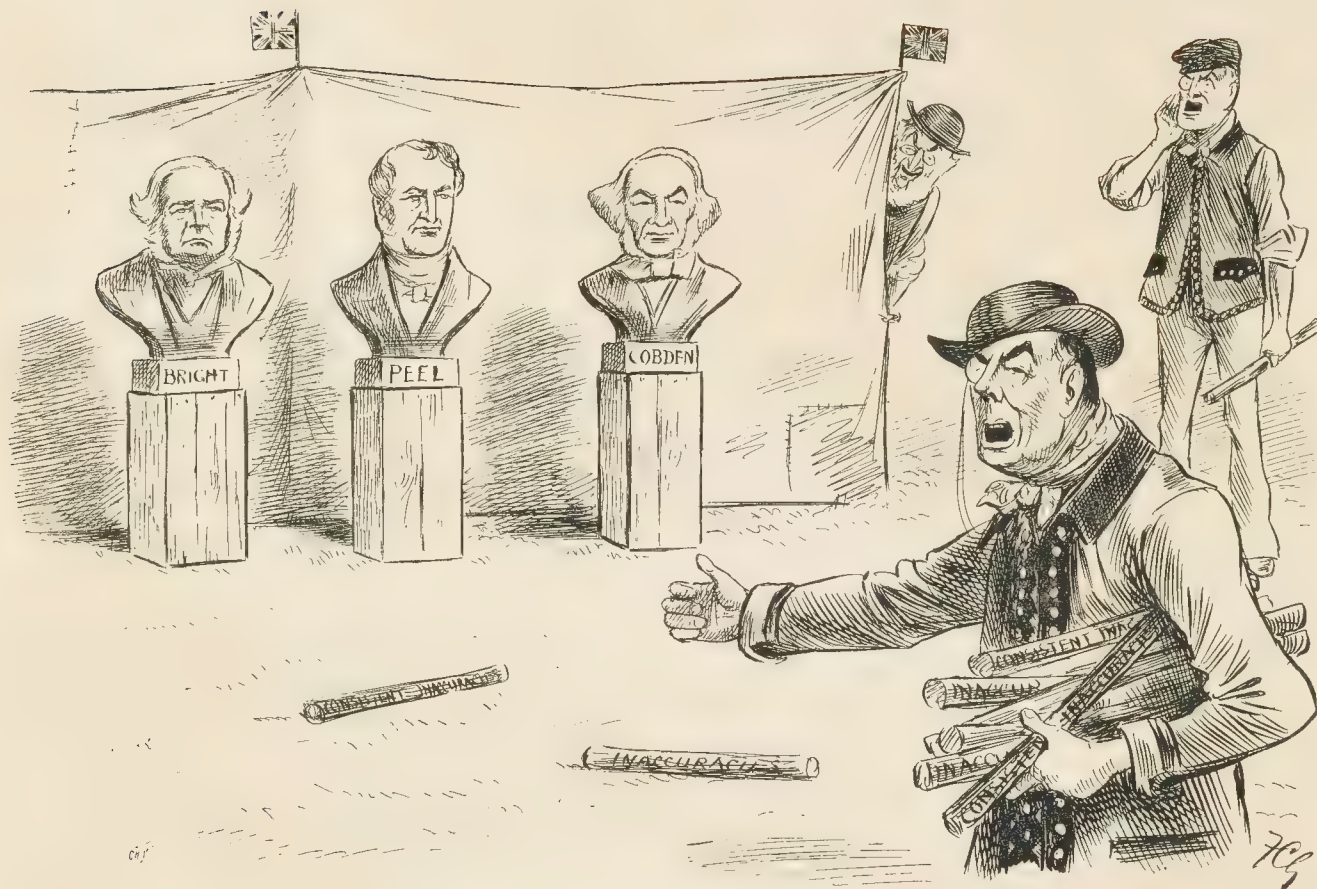
[Much speculation and some anxiety have been caused by the announcement of the appearance at the same function at Bristol of Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks Beach. In his speech at Birmingham last week Mr. Chamberlain argued that no reconciliation was possible between Mr. Balfour and the Free-Feeders.]



THE IDOL THAT HE LOVES

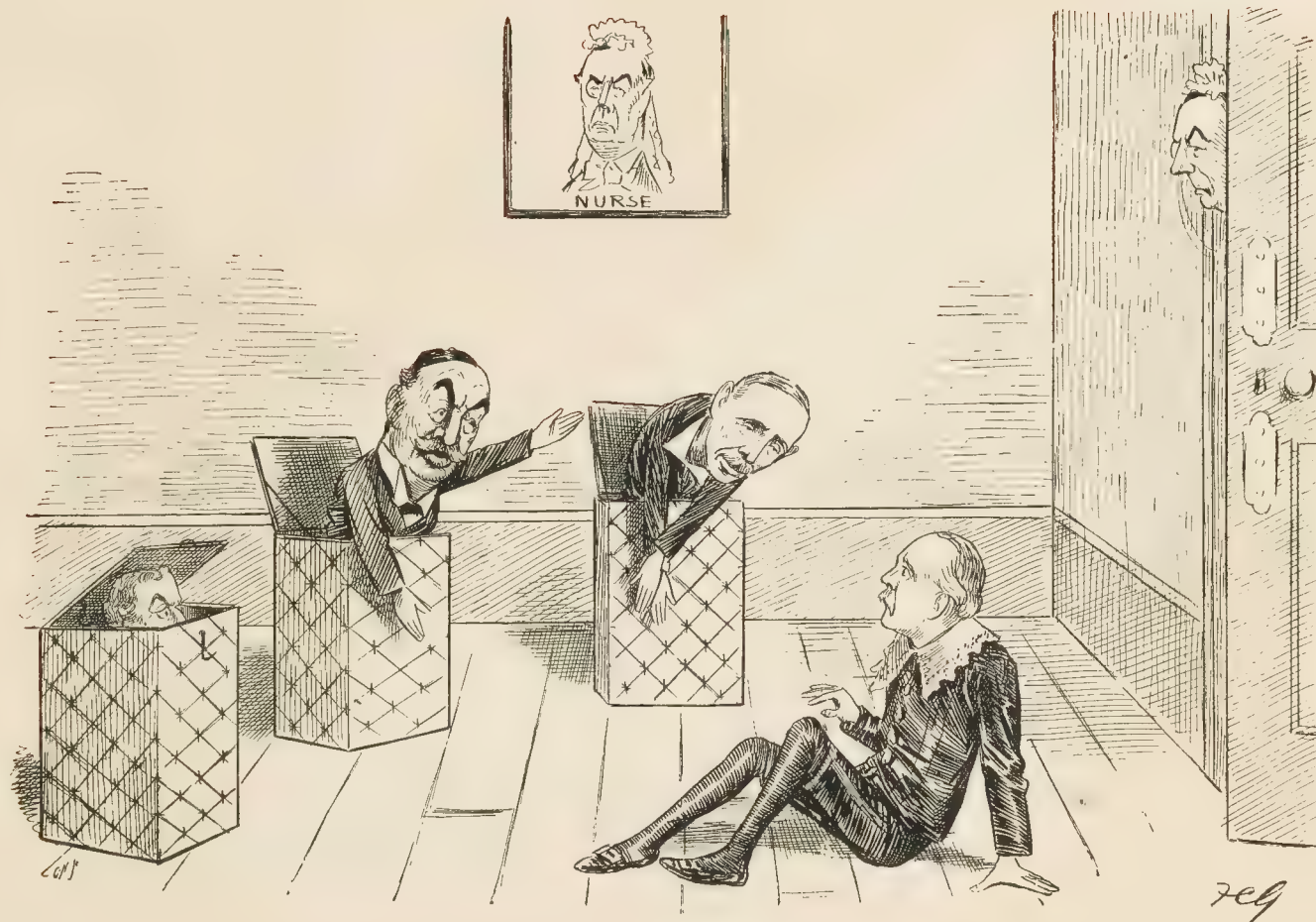
MR. JESSE COLLINGS: "You are perfectly lovely—I will never examine our Joe!"

[He pleaded guilty, with many others, to having taken what was falsely called Free Trade as an idol—that was to say, he had never inquired into it. It seemed almost an irreverence to question it. As long as that attitude was continued no reform or alteration was possible. But it was a notorious historical fact that when men began to examine their idols it was generally bad for the idols.—MR. JESSE COLLINGS, at Birmingham, November 9, 1903.]



“OUR JOE”

“Now then, play up, my noble patriots; they’re all Little Englanders!”



THE UNHAPPY CHILD

NURSE: Now, child, don't play with those horrid things.

CHILD: I ain't playing with them—they're playing with me.



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